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POLITICAL CHRISTIANITY

By
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G. P. Putnam's Sons
24, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.2

MADE IN GREAT BRITAIN

First Published June 1922
Reprinted Nov. 1922

Printed in Great Britain by
THE BOTOLPH PRINTING WORKS
GATE STREET, KINGSWAY, W.C.2

TO THOSE MEMBERS OF THE GUILDHOUSE
CONGREGATION WHO BY THEIR SILENT
INTEREST OR ACTIVE PARTICIPATION IN
THE DISCUSSION AT THE AFTER-MEETINGS
HAVE SO GREATLY HELPED MY WORK

PREFATORY NOTE

NOT all these addresses are "political" in the narrow sense of the word, but all are so in the broad sense. They are concerned with the application of the Christian principles to our problems as citizens. For this reason I think they may have a more lasting interest than the problems of the moment. The Washington Disarmament Conference has come and gone: England has chosen the better way with Ireland at last: but even these questions have not yet reached their final settlement, and those principles of Christianity which we have sought to apply to them are eternal.

A. M. R.

June, 1922.

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LAST Sunday when I was describing what the work of our Fellowship would be, I said among other things that we should sometimes discuss and I should sometimes preach on political subjects, and though some of you agreed, I think—in fact, showed that you did—others doubted, and some quite frankly dissented. I want to make it clear why I sometimes feel bound to preach on political subjects, and I want first of all to say that I do understand, I think, because I used to share, the feeling of those who do not like to hear politics discussed at a religious service.

The first and obvious objection is that a preacher, unlike a speaker, cannot easily be interrupted in a church and never gives you a chance of saying what you think. Well, here you have a chance of saying what you think. You are welcome to protest, even while I am speaking if you care to, but you are still more welcome, if you will, to stay after the service and take exception; correct me where you think I am wrong; show me what I have said that was unjust; put your point

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of view before us. That is why I do not want to keep the After-Meeting for questions only. I want people to be quite free to make a protest, or to try to bring me to a better mind when I say something with which they don't agree.

But beyond that there is a feeling that when we come here in the presence of God, we want to leave outside these perplexing and difficult questions and to seek for those deeper truths which underlie all political problems, and which are not discussed—or rarely discussed—on political platforms, which if not given to us in a church or at a religious service may perhaps never reach us at all. There is a feeling that after all in the application of Christian principles people may very well differ; that on certain political questions now before this country it is certain that there are good and sincere Christians on both sides. Not only good and sincerely religious people, but people who are definitely Christian. may be on either side—will certainly be found on either side of the question. Therefore a preacher should rather seek the underlying principle than proceed to the application of a principle about which his congregation may very well differ with him and with themselves, and may differ without any moral blame. In church we are to discuss great

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moral principles and not politics, since good people are found on either side.

I remember very well hearing violent anti-suffrage sermons preached when I was working in the suffrage cause, and my indignation was a just indignation, because I felt what I often have said—that I should equally deplore it if I heard a suffrage sermon preached. I said, “There are good and Christian people on both sides, and when they come to church they ought not to have their feelings outraged by hearing a person they cannot answer back.” (It increased my sense of impatience that I could not “answer back” to a political question!) Yet I changed my mind about that, and I want, if I can, to explain to-night why. It is true that if you apply your principles, you will almost certainly hurt somebody’s feelings. You may talk for ever in the terms of the Sermon on the Mount, but as long as you do not apply them to the world in which you live, nobody will resent it. When you begin to apply them, you are absolutely certain to hurt somebody’s feelings, and that somebody is quite likely to be a more religious person than the preacher, and a person whose Christianity is both real and deep.

I asked Dr. Dearmer just now to read a political onslaught from one of the prophets

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of the Old Testament,* and I did that because I felt quite sure that although it was a political subject (it really did amount to that), it has not hurt anybody's feelings in here, because it all happened such a long time ago. I then read a poem by Mrs. Barrett Browning† which was written about this country two or three generations ago, but it does not wound anyone here with a personal wound because none of us were living when the conditions which Mrs. Browning attacked, prevailed in this country.

The point I want to bring home to you is that our own great religious writings—the Bible from which we read every Sunday and in some churches twice on Sunday—are full of denunciations which to the people who heard them seemed political: the indignant denunciation of the foreign policy of one king, of the policy of having a king at all over the Jews, the denunciation of moral wrongs, of economic injustice, of international politics, all those things which you and I call political—though perhaps the Jews did not have an equivalent word for it—all things that were very sore in the people's conscience. These great prophets from whom we read Sunday after Sunday and draw from them religious ideals, seemed to the people to whom

* Nahum.

† "The Cry of the Children."

they were addressed to be profoundly and most tactlessly political. So tactless were some of these prophets that the people took them out and killed them! They enraged public opinion to such an extent that it became, as you know, a proverb about the Jews that their fathers had slain the prophets and that they had built sepulchres over them.

And in our own country also, again and again, a great political question has arisen on which there was a moral issue. For instance, take the question of Slavery. Take the question of Child Labour, or the Contagious Diseases Acts. All these were political, for about all of them there was legislation. People standing for Parliament were accepted or defeated on platforms connected with these subjects. They were political in the sense that they were discussed and debated on every political platform and that, as I say, men made or lost their political career according to their position with regard to Slavery, or Child Labour, or even the Contagious Diseases Acts.

Now, in regard to the question of slavery, there were good and religious and Christian people on both sides. There were people who pointed to the Old Testament to show that slavery was a divine institution. There were Christians who quoted St. Paul's

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Epistle to Philemon to prove that slavery had the approval of the early Church. And in the same way with regard to Child Labour, there were perfectly sincere and honest Christians who felt it was inevitable that children should spend their waking hours in a mine or a factory. It seems to us incredible, but it is literally true. These people were persuaded that economic necessity demanded that these children should be sacrificed. They pointed out that the industry—the factory or the mine—would collapse but for the work of these children; that they could not afford to do without it; that it would cause the narrow margin of profit to disappear; and they suggested that after all the industry exists for the sake of the people.

In the children's own interests, they argued, the mines should be run and factories should be kept going, and they could not be kept going without child labour. Therefore, it is a painful necessity that these children should be there, and to strive against it is to strive not against the wicked employer, but against God. Really, honestly religious people thought that and said it. And I do not doubt that many ministers and preachers up and down the country were silent on the question of slavery, were silent on the question of child labour, not out of fear, though no doubt

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there were many subject to fear, but I am certain that there were many who were silent because they realised, as I do every time I speak on political subjects, that there are good and Christian people on both sides ; and held that the preacher ought not to attempt to lay down the law as to the application of Christian principles. But all that is so long ago and so far away that we see now how splendid it would be if the Church of Christ had been the defender of these helpless children !

If a Wilberforce, or a Lord Shaftesbury had not been left to fight his battle almost alone ; if a Mrs. Josephine Butler had not been cast out by nearly all the people who called themselves respectable ; and if the Churches of Christ had always spoken out for the oppressed and the abused and the exploited ! How proud those of us who belong to any Christian Church would be, if we could have claimed that they had always spoken for those who could not speak for themselves, for those who were exploited and destroyed by civilisation ! The Churches did not do it for the most part, and everyone says how unreal the Churches have become. They do not seem to touch life at any point. You go into a church and there seems no contact with the world outside. Do you know

three friends of mine went into three separate churches on the day of the fourth anniversary of the war and not one single word was said about the war? I simply could not believe it, but three separate friends of mine told me that that was a fact. So complete is the divorce, at least in some churches—some, of course, are better than others—between the lives and the problems and the sufferings of the people who sit in the pews, that it was possible after four years of hell for a man to preach on the anniversary and apparently to ignore it altogether. I do not mean in the prayers, but in the sermon.

The other day I was at a missionary meeting where the missionary told us about his work in India. He told us how poor the people of India were; how much they were in debt; how when you went to preach in the villages you became conscious of the awful weight of anxiety on the people's hearts; how this man could not get his daughter married for lack of a dowry; how that man could not educate his son; how another had even his instruments of work in pawn; how all of them seemed to be so terribly anxious that they could not listen to the message of Christ. He said how they began to realise—these missionaries—that it was a great part of the message of Christ to rescue the people from

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their miserable anxiety, to lift them out of their awful depression.

He said, "These people, if you will believe it, many of them do not own a yard of land in the great country which belongs to them. They do not even own the house they live in. Many of them are in debt. They cannot get money. They cannot get on. They never seem to have a chance. So we set to work to try and alter these conditions." All the audience burst into a thunder of applause, and I held my head and thought to myself: "Is he describing India, or is he describing England?" There was hardly a word that he said, allowing for very slight differences, that would not apply to either. There was extraordinarily little difference between his description of India and England, but because India is so far away everyone saw how right it was that the Church of Christ should be concerned with men's bodies as well as their souls and should care when people suffer, not only to bind up their wounds, but to get rid of the cause of trouble. •

And, my people, the moment I try to do that, I am bound to preach what you would call a political sermon. The other day I saw a newspaper cutting about our work here: "We have all been complaining that the churches are too much aloof from the life of

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the people, but that is a very different matter from preaching on political subjects." In other words, we are all complaining that the churches are so aloof from the life of the people, but nobody dislikes it more than we do when they cease to be aloof! And it went on: "It was rather a shock to hear Miss Royden turn from her text to deliver a violent attack on the foreign policy of the Government." To turn from my text! Well, I don't always take a text; I suppose I took one that Sunday. I do not remember what it was, but I should think it might have been this: "Whosoever shall cause one of these little ones to offend, it is profitable that a millstone should be hung about his neck and he should be drowned in the depths of the sea." I wonder whether it was a great "turning away" when I turned from that text to attack the foreign policy of the Government?

There is in my home a little Austrian boy. When he landed in this country a year ago he was 4 years old, and he had never walked. He was so rickety that he could not walk. I never looked at him without being haunted by those lines of Mrs. Browning:

"They look up with their pale and sunken faces,
And their looks are sad to see,
For the old man's hoary anguish draws and presses
Down the cheeks of infancy."

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That little boy's face was like a little old man's. He had that terrible, anxious, harassed look that is pitiful on any human face, but is heartrending on a child's. He was only 2 years old when the war ended. He was not born when the war began. His fathers, you will say, made the war. Yes, perhaps. But we made the peace, and it was the war and the peace together that made Freddie look like that. He says at night the Lord's Prayer. He is rather young for such difficult words, but he is a Roman Catholic, and the priest asked us to teach it him, and he says: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." I suppose he cannot understand such long words. I wonder when he does understand them, whether he will still be able to say them. All the world has trespassed against that child. His own country and our country and all the world has taken from him the healthy little human body that he should have had. The mark is on his very soul. You cannot be starved for the first four years of your life and be just the same in your soul at the end of it. Well, he is lucky, isn't he? He has come here; at least he can have enough to eat and he can be loved.

But he has a little brother in Vienna who is 7 years old, who is almost an idiot through

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lack of food and care. *And that is a political question.* Am I to be silent when the world treats children like that? Am I to stand here before Christ, who said it was better to be drowned in the depths of the sea than to offend against a little child, and not tell you why these children are starved? "Oh, but," you say, "that is not a political question. You have told us heaps of times and we have not resented it. We gave money. We gave a great deal of money in proportion to our resources. We give more than most churches in proportion to what we can give. We do not want children to suffer." Yes, there is not a person, who is not a devil, who can understand what a suffering child means and not want to help it. I do not believe the people who say they would not help. They think themselves wickeder than they are. No one can see a little child and refuse to help it. There is no one who can do it. It is only lack of imagination, and you are glad that I have told you about these children to give you a chance to help them. But what would you think if year after year you pour your money into Vienna and year after year I come to you with the same story, and say: "These children are still starving. They are still under-nourished, they are still rickety." And you will say at last: "Why,

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we have given all this money! Why are they still in the same state?" And I say, "Because the terms of the peace that was imposed on Austria have made it impossible for Austria to recover and Austria must for ever live upon your charity."

Would not you have a right to say to me at last: "Why did not you say at the beginning all this? Why have you caused us to be guilty of this thing, you who have a platform to speak from and a voice to speak with? What right had you to be silent? We might indeed have been angry, but what right had you to be afraid of that?"

The foreign policy of countries is a political question. Yes, but it is a human question, too. It means the lives of suffering, tormented children, and I cannot believe that in the years to come I shall ever tax my conscience with having tried to make people understand why these children are sacrificed. Do you know, I think that when I have to stand before the Judgment Seat of God, the thing that I shall ask myself is: "Did I say enough? Was I honest enough? Did I force them to understand that no amount of money poured out would enable a country crippled like Austria to get started again?"

And it seems to me that a preacher has this responsibility. There is a right side and a

wrong to all these great questions. That is what we shirk. All these questions have good and Christian people on both sides? Yes, that is true. But this is also true: that *one side was wrong*. You see that is what we are afraid of. The people who were on the side of slavery, God knows, might have been people infinitely more religious than I, *but they were wrong*. The people who held that it was necessary for this country to build her prosperity on the work of children in mines and factories might have been convinced of it from the bottom of their hearts; they might have held it with all the earnestness they were capable of. They might have been sure they were right, *but they were wrong*, and time has proved them wrong. The people who defended the Contagious Diseases Acts, who thought it right that the State should regulate the sale of the bodies of women—I know that many of them believed sincerely that they were right, *but they were wrong*. They were damnably wrong.

I think the Church, in fear of making a mistake, has ended in making nothing. "You may make a mistake!" Yes, indeed, I may, God knows. I may, in believing that one side is right and one is wrong, take the wrong side. But is it not a fact that if you will

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not try to decide, if you will never face the issue for yourself, you will never do anything in the world at all?

I ask you to forgive me beforehand, when I say something that is stupid, unjust or wrong. I promise you that I will do my best to be honest and fair. I will not let myself off any hard thinking that I can do. I will give myself into your hands at the end of the service for you to convince me, and I promise you that I will come to you with a mind open to conviction. I know how many there are in this congregation far nearer to God, far nearer the truth than I. But it happens to be my vocation to be a speaker, and while I put myself in your hands to be shown where I am mistaken, to be convinced where I am wrong, I yet must reserve myself the right to apply the principles of Christianity, even there where the place is most sore, and not to let myself think or let you think that it is enough to say that little children should not be ill-treated or starved when I know that they *are* being starved in millions in Central Europe and I know that my country is partly responsible.

My people, I recognise no such distinction. What is of God, that is the whole of life. I do not mean to weary you with political sermons. The other side—the theological side

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—often interests me far more, and I know you care about it. But when there comes a great moral wrong, or what seems to me to be so, I owe to my own vocation the duty of applying what I believe to be the Christian principle—not only to declare the principle, but to apply it. And I count on all of you to throw further light on the question, to go forward together by discussion, by mutual help, by hammering out our problems together. If all the churches in the country would do it, would there be such divorce between religious and political life? Do you know I come from business people and I have heard it said by a very distinguished business man, who is also a politician, that while people sneer at commercial morality, he found it as heaven to hell compared with political morality.

That is what we have reduced politics to, so far as it is true—it is not true of everyone, thank God. But it is to that standard that we reduce it when we do not try to bring our politics into the presence of God where, if anywhere, we can give our opponents credit for desiring to do what is right; where, if anywhere, we can abandon the silly habit of scoring off one another, of getting our own back, of trying to make each other look a fool; and together, approaching from whatever opposite ends of opinion you like, can

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bring our difficulties to the feet of God. I cannot believe that in such circumstances the solution would be impossible. We do not need to be afraid of politics, not even, I think, of party politics. What we should be afraid of is the party political spirit, and to get rid of that here might make it possible for us when we go out into the world to the election, to the work of municipal or national politics, not only to carry with us a new spirit, a spirit of desiring to find out what is right, but, as I said, a willingness to give our opponents credit for decent honesty, for well meaning, for a desire to arrive at a right judgment; and it is possible that if such a spirit were generated in the churches, our churches would not become more secular, but our Parliaments would become more religious.

JUSTICE: HUMAN AND DIVINE

*"He looked for a city which hath foundations,
whose builder and maker is God."*—Hebrews xi, 10.

THERE is no reason to suppose, looking at human history, that we ever shall find the city with foundations. I remember Bishop Gore going round the shores of the Mediterranean, and showing us how civilisation after civilisation had risen, become magnificent, and then tottered to its fall. He said, whatever science may teach us about evolution, history teaches us a different lesson about human civilisation. We have never yet succeeded in founding a city with foundations, a civilisation that is really able to last more than a certain period of brief and glorious existence; one after another they topple into the dust, with such a certainty that there has come into the hearts of men a kind of feeling of fatality, that we are pursued by fate, that whatever we do, however wise we are, whatever precautions we take, however virtuous we may be, this dark fate that broods over the destiny of man will raise us up to glory and fill us with a sense

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of power, and then dash us down so that we may make room for others.

The most brilliant civilisation that Europe has ever seen, the civilisation to which we to-day owe more than to any other civilisation in the world, to which many of our ideas, our ways of building our State and looking at life, owe so much, the great civilisation of Greece, was penetrated with this sense of fate ; that when men became too great and too successful there was already overshadowing their path the calamity that was going to make them fall, and that whatever they did they could not escape it, because there was a kind of divine justice which says that no man shall be too great, no civilisation shall be too wonderful, but when you reach the point at which (Dante says,) " Like the blackbird in spring you say, ' Now, God, I fear Thee no more.' " at that point your fate will overcome you, and you will fall.

All the great literature of Greece is inspired with this sense of a fate that we cannot escape, the dread feeling that shadows the minds and hearts of tens of thousands to-day ; that after all, do what you will and strive as you may, however great you are, some day you will fall. Your city has no foundations, and the very greatness that

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has lifted you up beyond other men will inspire their envy and bring them against you, until you also go down into the darkness and the dust. "Three powers, mark me now, there are in hell, and one walks with thee now," was written by one of the greatest of Greek poets of the hour of the glory of Greece, just when the great city of Troy had fallen after a siege of many years. As the conquerors led away the captive slaves at their pleasure, the violated and betrayed and helpless woman utters this warning to the man who leads her away.

Let me take you for a moment through that great cycle which seems a kind of summary of all the history of the world, the way in which wrong always brings wrong, the way in which justice itself seems to contain a kind of injustice, and the very greatness of man becomes his fall. You remember how it began: the stealing away of that most beautiful of all women, Helen, the wife of a king; and how because his wife had been taken from him he went to war against Troy to bring her back and to punish her and the man who took her away. For years and years that war raged, and at last Troy fell.

Troy had done wrong, but the Greeks in the triumph of their victory went beyond what justice demanded. They were guilty

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of that sin which the Greeks say no one can ever forgive, a sin for which we English people have not got any exact word, what the Greeks call *'ἰβρις*—the sin of insolence, the sin of being too successful, the sin which goes beyond what is just and becomes cruel. And so the Greeks, because this woman had been taken from them, took from Troy the prophetess Cassandra, a woman of whom it was said that perhaps she was inspired by God, or perhaps she was mad ; but as the ancients always felt madness had a kind of sanctity, Cassandra was doubly sacred, a virgin consecrated to God ; this Cassandra they took, and violated her, and afterwards she was murdered. They took the handmaid of God to pay for the harlot whom Troy had taken.

Justice itself, at least human justice, seems to contain a certain element of injustice, because the very heart of a wrong that is done to you, the most poisonous part of it, the part that you resent most bitterly is that it was unjust. The first wrong that is done is an injustice, and that is the cruel part of it. Well, when your turn comes to repay it can you only do what is just ? Has your enemy suffered as you suffer ? You suffered unjustly. Does not justice itself demand injustice, and does it not follow that your enemy can never really have what he gave

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to you, that you can never get that "eye for an eye or tooth for a tooth," unless you go a little beyond what strict justice demands, and justice itself asks that you should? So because a harlot is taken from one side the virgin prophetess is taken from the other, and says as she goes :—

"A bloodier bride than ever Helen was
Go I to Agamemnon. . . .
What deeps of woe await him yet ;
Till all those tears of ours and harrowings
Of Troy . . . shall be as golden things. . . .
 Thou Greek King,
Who deem'st thy fortune now so high a thing,
Thou dust of the earth, a lowlier bed I see,
In darkness, not in light, awaiting thee :
And with thee, with thee . . . there, where
 yawneth plain,
A rift of the hills raging with winter rain.
Dead . . . and outcast . . . and naked . . . It
 is I
Beside my bridegroom : and the wild beasts cry
And ravin on God's chosen."

Surely it was true. Cassandra's going home with Agamemnon in part brought about Agamemnon's death, quite unwillingly. Agamemnon was slain by his wife, angry that he had brought Cassandra home. Therefore his son took up the awful duty of avenging his father, whom his mother had murdered. There you find enshrined in the very heart of Greek tragedy the awful fate of this son,

JUSTICE : HUMAN AND DIVINE

who, in order to do his duty to his father—for revenge was a duty in those days—must murder the mother who bore him, and at last he brings himself to that ghastly task, knowing it was right to avenge his father, but an infamy to slay his mother. Therefore, he is pursued by the Furies into madness and driven over the face of the earth like Cain.

How are we to break this awful entail by which justice produces injustice, and wrong always ends in wrong? How are we to silence the demand in the human heart that justice shall be done where there has been great wrong? When you see injustice done, when you see the helpless and the innocent outraged, violated, crucified, trampled upon, is there not at the very moment when the wrong is done a kind of moral horror, a certain power in the world that is outraged when such a sin is committed? When the eagle falls on the dove, when a strong man outrages a little child, is there not some power in the universe that *demand*s justice? Is there not a kind of moral horror when such a thing is done, which will not be silenced without its answer?—which to leave unanswered, unresponded to, is to leave a kind of void in the moral world, so that we continually feel there is some wrong there which cannot

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be put right until the wrongdoer has been punished? There is deep in the hearts of men, with all their faults and all their wickedness, a kind of moral sense which makes it a horror when the weak are trampled on and there is no one to avenge them.

When Greeks trampled on Troy, when they took the virgin and violated her, when they took the little baby son of the great Hector and threw him over the cliffs that he should never grow to be what his father had been, then, surely, in spite of the awful helplessness of those outraged people, there was somewhere in the universe, somewhere in the hearts of men, a power that rose up in revolt, and said, These things shall not be! This horror will find its returning horror, this justice outraged must vindicate itself. "Three powers, mark me now, there are in hell, and one walks with thee now"—now, when you seem so great and powerful.

How are we to break the entail by which a wrong produces a wrong, without at the same time violating that deep sense of justice on which, after all, the world must be built, to violate which is to do the greatest wrong of all? We see it not only in the great drama of Greece and Troy, though it is immortalised there by the marvellous genius of Greek poets; we see it over and over again in history.

JUSTICE : HUMAN AND DIVINE

Some of you, I expect saw that wonderful exhibition of the cinematograph called "The Birth of a Nation." Some of you may have seen recorded there the hideous wrongs perpetrated by the coloured population of the Southern States of America upon their masters, and you may have felt it is natural, inevitable, that there should be a terrible race hatred between the white and black in the Southern American States because of this memory of wrong and horror. Some of you, I hope, also reflected that these same coloured people had been most infamously wronged by the white people in the past. When they were torn from their native country, when their women were taken, when their children were sold in the open market, there was a moral horror in the universe, and the presence of that ghastly problem—for it is altogether unsolved to-day—in the United States of America goes further back than the wrongs that the black inflicted on the white after the Civil War, and begins in the wrongs the white inflicted on the black far away in Africa.

Again and again in history one gets this sense of some tragic destiny. How are we to break away from this chain of wrong without, I repeat, neglecting those great instincts of justice which the world demands

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shall be satisfied? How are we to escape punishing the guiltless for the guilty?

Take the case in which we are involved at the present moment, the case of Germany. Let me take only one single instance that is pressing on men's minds to-day. Three or four years ago the German army, sweeping over Belgium and France, and then sweeping back when the moment of victory came to the Allies at last, destroyed all they could lay hands on, destroyed all they could not use, out of a wicked, purposeless, insane desire to hurt and to destroy wherever they went.

They took with them what they could; they took with them the milch cattle of Belgium and France, they left that district a waste; they left those devastated countries looking so like hell that I suppose those who, like myself, have only seen them in pictures can hardly begin to understand what they are like. They left those countries colourless, fruitless, harvestless, unpopulated; what had been villages, a waste of stones; what had been trees, two or three stark trunks with twisted boughs against the sky.

And to-day, in the terms of peace, we ask from Germany, whose children perish from lack of milk, 140,000 milch cows for those they took. Who shall dare to say it is

JUSTICE : HUMAN AND DIVINE

unjust? Only a year or so ago Germany imposed upon her helpless enemies a peace that was an outrage of every principle of justice, and now to-day we impose upon Germany the kind of peace that Germany would have imposed upon us. Who shall dare to say it is unjust?

And yet—and yet—if we do these things, “Three powers there are in hell and one walks with us now.” We can indeed do to Germany as she has done in the face of the sun to all those whom she had the power to violate and destroy, and yet, if we do it, how are we to save the world from this endless cycle of injustice and wrong? The children who were killed in London by the bombs showered on this city by those who cared nothing whether they struck soldiers or civilians, men or women, or children, cry aloud to that moral horror which they evoked, and demand the deaths of the children of Germany.

Abel's blood for vengeance pleaded to the skies,
But the blood of Jesus for our pardon cries.

Is Christianity really a violation then of the very principles of justice? Does Christ demand of us that we should silence that moral protest, that we should hold down that righteous revolt when wrong is done to

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the innocent? Shall we disregard it all and say we have forgotten it; those children are no more to us; they are dead, we cannot bring them back to life; what does it matter? Let us forget it all in a kind of easy indifference! Or is it conceivable that this human justice of ours is something less far-sighted and also more helpless than the justice of God? When you see the helpless outraged, is it your business to forgive? No, I think not, but I will tell you who it is that can forgive, and so break the entail of evil, who can do justice without violating justice: those who were outraged.

If the victim forgives, surely a higher kind of justice becomes possible than we had dreamed of. Is it not conceivable that if the victim forgave, if the tortured and the oppressed themselves pleaded for the torturer and the oppressor, there would be done a higher justice than we had dreamed of, and this ghastly fate which shadows the destinies of man, which brings civilisation after civilisation to ruin because none of them is based upon divine justice, would be broken?

Are not we English people to-day very much in the position of those Jews whose most perfect Psalm of patriotism I read to you just now? Is it not really this Psalm that a few

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years ago we would have shrunk from singing ? —“ O daughter of Babylon, that shall be wasted in misery, happy shall he be that rewardeth thee *as thou hast served us.*” Not more, but the same. “ Yea, blessed shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones.” Then we turn to the divine justice: “ When they came to the place called Calvary they crucified Him. Then said Jesus, *Father, forgive them,* for they know not what they do.”

I am not this morning pleading for any one special justice or injustice. I am rather thinking of the kind of principles on which every term of the Peace Treaty should be tried by Christian people. I do not pretend to see my way more clearly than many of you. I do not assume that my view is the right one. All I want to urge is that at this time in the history of the world it is the duty of Christian people to seek that divine justice—justice, mark you, not the outrage of justice or the indifference to justice, but that divine justice which Christ came to teach ; not for our sakes, or for the sakes of our enemies, but for the sake of the world itself, whose city can have no foundations unless its builder and maker is God.

We seek a diviner, higher justice than we have been able to see for ourselves ; in the

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light of that justice, ignoring nothing that has been done wrong, seeking to overlook no difficulty, not finding an easy way out of our own difficulties at the expense of other people, but with the heart-searching desire to build our city with foundations, to make of the civilisation of the future one not based on injustice and wrong. Let us Christian people approach our great problem in this light, and as far as we ourselves and our own country are concerned let us seek first of all to forgive. Whoever has suffered in this war let him begin, let her begin. Whoever is himself or herself a victim, let this newer, diviner justice begin with them. Let whatever we do be done with the sense of forgiveness in our hearts, not enforcing our attitude on other nations, but for ourselves.

We, indeed, have not suffered so much as France or Belgium, as Poland or some of the countries under the Turks; but *so far as we have suffered* we have it in our power to end this tragic cycle by which wrong always produces wrong. We are not helpless, but have been set free by Christ, who showed us the way to escape the tragic destiny which has weighed on every pagan civilisation, which made them feel that, struggle how they would, do as they might, see as far as

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they could, they could not escape the Furies that pursue the paths of men.

From that dark, tragic irony of life Christ came to set us free, and perhaps that freedom, that power to reconcile justice with mercy began there, when his enemies nailed him to the cross. *Then said Jesus, Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.*

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"And when he drew nigh, he saw the city and wept over it, saying, 'If thou hadst known in this day, even thou, the things which belong unto peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.'"— Luke xix, 41, 42.

OUR Lord was going into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, and, as you remember— you have just heard Dr. Dearmer read the passage—He goes on to prophesy the fall of Jerusalem.

Was our Lord, then, in the magical sense of the word a prophet? No, I do not think so. I use the word "magical" rather than "miraculous" because the word miraculous is so differently understood by different people. And I do not think that our Lord was, in what we would call the magical sense of the word, prophesying the fall of Jerusalem.

But though He was no magician He was a prophet, because He saw from the temper and character of the Jews, from the temper and character of Jerusalem, the inevitable destruction that was to come upon them. Our Lord prophesied exactly as a scientist may be said to prophesy when he tells you that a certain effect will inevitably follow on a

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certain cause. If you set in motion certain forces the result is inevitable ; and a man may prophesy to you : " Such and such a man will die of apoplexy, such and such a man is drinking himself to death, such and such a man will go mad," and yet not prophesy in any magical sense, like a witch, or a wizard, or a magician. He is prophesying because he knows that a certain course of conduct, a certain state of mind, will result in a certain kind of disaster.

I do not think that our Lord had any more knowledge of the future than you and I have or ought to have if we " perceived spiritual law." I do not think that He expected to fail when He first preached to the Jews. I think He was full of hope ; I think He was almost certain that they could not resist Him. I think that as the years passed of His ministry, and He saw more and more clearly the " damnable " state of mind in which the Jewish nation was, He realised, exactly as you and I might realise if we had a message to the world, that they were not going to receive it ; that they could not, or would not, understand. And I think that instead of accepting this as a man who knows the inevitable, He strove against it. He varied His appeal ; He went from place to place ; He sent out messengers ; He tried this way,

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I believe, and the other way. He spoke in parables; He spoke to them plainly. He went up to Jerusalem; He went down to Galilee. He tried by every conceivable means to make them understand the things that belong unto peace. And at last He realised that they *would not* understand, and that on the contrary in the end they would probably turn on Him and kill Him.

He went up to Jerusalem, and as He came unto the city He was met, you remember, by that pathetic little triumph. The people rushed out, as people do, to see this great prophet, this great healer of sickness, with their palms, and spreading their garments in the way. And our Lord, as He looked down on that beloved city—for remember that He was a Jew—wept, saying that if only the Jews had understood, even at this hour, the things that belong to peace, the city would be saved. But they were so materialistic, so cruel, so full of hate, so unreliable, so unspiritual, so deaf to the voice of God, that the seeds of destruction were in their souls. "O Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathers her chickens under her wings, and ye would not. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

You see people living, as we say, on the

edge of a volcano. You try to explain to them their peril. They will not listen; they will not understand. Does it take any magic to say "This city will some day be destroyed?" You see people living in a house that is tottering on its foundations. You entreat them to come out. They will not. Does it need a wizard to say, "Some day that house will fall over your head?" And so our Lord, looking down on Jerusalem, and in precisely that sense, prophesied the destruction of the city. He saw the people come out to welcome Him and He knew that they did love Him in a sense. He had healed many of them from their sickness. He said very beautiful things. He was obviously a lovable and attractive personality. He was a great prophet, too. They were proud of Him, I expect, in a way, and they hoped that He was going to proclaim Himself King of the Jews. He was going to be the popular Messiah. He was going to fight for them against their enemies, the Romans. But He saw that they were just as materialistic and as narrow and as hard and as brutal as the Roman oppressors. These Jews, who hated the Romans, were exactly like the Romans.

Rome also had a great mission to the world. Rome stood for order, and tolerance, and freedom. And Rome, in Palestine, fell below

herself, and instead of a great tolerant free government, she gave them a brutal oppression, and the Jews hated her. But the Jews were exactly the same. They also had a mission to the world. They were to be the great spiritual revealers of the nature and purpose of God, and they knew as little about God as Pontius Pilate. They hated the Romans, and they only wanted to treat the Romans as the Romans had treated them. They had no more understanding of a spiritual kingdom, or a spiritual power, than Pontius Pilate had. They hated the Romans for being precisely what they, the Jews, always were when they got the chance of oppressing other people. And our Lord, looking down on them, and seeing, and even rejoicing that they did love Him a little, also knew quite well that when the hour came they would choose Barabbas, the man who was ready to lead an armed rebellion, and so crucify Him—this disappointing, ineffective Jesus of Nazareth. *They did not know the things that belong to peace.*

And to-day, I suppose, on this Palm Sunday also, God looks down upon the world, upon Europe, upon England, and prophesies disaster, because we will not know the things that belong to peace ; just as certainly as the scientist can prophesy the coming of disease from the East of Europe—the spread of disease

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where you carry the germs ; as an engineer can tell you that such and such a bridge is going to break because he sees the structure yielding ; so certainly should you and I be able to see the coming destruction that must follow upon the world that *will* not know the things that belong to peace. We are trying to get peace by the methods of hatred, cruelty and revenge. *We do not know the things that belong to peace.* We desire the effect ; we *will* not have the cause.

We are worn with war, shattered by the strain and stress of the last four and a half years from 1914 to 1918. We desire peace, but we will not have the things that belong to peace. We know that the laws of nature cannot be broken. We know that if you injure one part of your body the whole of the body suffers. We know that if we injure one nation the others suffer. But we will not accept it. We persist in trying to build our new civilisation on hatred and revenge. And our Lord, looking down upon us, must see what ruin we are bringing on our heads because we will not know the things that belong to peace.

Do you think it belongs to peace to starve a generation of children in Austria ? Does it belong to peace to try to hold Ireland against her will ? Or to force from Germany what Germany cannot pay ? I am not arguing now whether there is not much excuse, much justice

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if you like. I do not want to argue about that. All I want to say is that you cannot get peace out of war, any more than you can get grapes from thistles, because you are trying to do what is impossible, because you are trying to break the laws of nature. Do you desire to punish one part of yourself because it suffers—your arm perhaps has got neuritis—do you want to punish your arm? or perhaps to punish your doctor because the rest of your body suffers? You may; but the rest of your body *will* suffer. You ask an engineer to make water run uphill. Pay him anything you like. Call in all the engineers in the universe. You will not succeed, because it is against the laws of nature. You ask your gardener to make grapes grow on thistles. Give him all the hothouses in the world. Lavish money. Get all the gardeners you like. You will not succeed because it is against the laws of nature. Build your house, a great, huge, heavy building, on sand. Change your architect, because your house falls down. Get a better architect. Your house will not stand, because you sought to defy the laws of nature. Try to build a peaceful and a happy world on angry, suffering, tormented nations. Change your government when you choose. Heap scorn on the inability of your statesmen to bring you what you want.

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They *cannot* bring you what you want,
because it is impossible.

This last week Mr. Lloyd George has devised a plan for getting money out of Germany so farcical that there is not a business man in the country, I suppose—and I come of business people—who does not regard it as altogether insane. I have read articles during the last week in papers like the *Observer*, as well as papers like the *Nation*, pointing out the farcical character of Mr. George's proposition. But it is not really any more farcical than any other proposition that is made to try to hurt Germany without hurting ourselves. That is the fundamental folly that we are setting our politicians to work upon, and though their choice of this or that or the other way of doing it may strike one particular person as more absurd than another, what we refuse to realise is that the thing we are trying to do is an impossibility. There is the supreme farce—that we in the twentieth century are still trying to injure one nation without injuring ourselves! There is the supreme folly!

“Man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of that he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.”

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We to-day behold the world desolated by disease—more people died of influenza during the height of the epidemic than died in the war. We behold our industries paralysed because we *will* starve the countries in Eastern and Central Europe. Our unemployed walk the streets. The mines are threatening to shut down. Engineering works, cotton mills, all are running on short time or are closed. How many people in this congregation are out of work? Our industries are paralysed because we are determined to paralyse the industries of other countries. We cannot spend money on education. Our people live in houses that are slums because we have to prepare for the next war.

Our allies are estranged. America is building a fleet against us because our conduct to Ireland makes her disbelieve every word we say. France no longer buys our coal because we forced her to pay such an outrageous price for it when she could not get it anywhere else, that she moved heaven and earth to get hold of German coal mines. We hold up our hands with horror at the wickedness of France extracting from Germany what is not hers, and in the beginning it was our fault, because we would not sell, even to our allies, coal at a reasonable price. We seek for peace and we do the deeds of war. "If thou hadst

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known, even thou, in this thine hour, the things that belong to peace. But now they are hid from thine eyes."

Our ceaseless, feverish search for some way out of the difficulty, our perpetual endeavours to escape being hurt when we hurt others, are doomed to failure because they attempt the impossible, because they seek to violate what is a law of nature.

I do not know greater anguish than to watch anyone you love going along a path that must wreck him. Perhaps more than one person in this hall has had to watch someone they loved deeply ruining their health, or wrecking their career, or doing something that must spoil their lives. And all your advice, all your entreaty, all your influence, is perfectly useless. All you can do is just to stand by and watch. This, to my mind the greatest of all suffering, we inflict on God every day. In vain He comes to show us the way of peace. In vain He lives in our midst the life that alone ~~can~~ bring peace. We prefer Barabbas, and we will not seek the things that belong to our peace. Behold, our house is left unto us desolate. Our young men slain, our young women widowed, our industry paralysed, our honour smirched. "Behold your house is left unto you desolate."

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My people, on that Good Friday, nineteen hundred years ago, when darkness rested upon the Cross, Christ was abandoned by God and man—or so it seemed. A little group of peasants stood at the foot of the Cross and still worshipped in their hearts, still made triumphant, Love that seemed defeated on the Cross. As our Lord committed His soul to God and passed, a Roman soldier cried suddenly, "This is the Son of God." And when all things seemed lost, a dying thief upon a neighbouring Cross hailed Jesus of Nazareth as his Lord and King.

To-day it seems to me as though there were nothing left for most of us but just to pray that we may be found worthy to stand with these. That in a world where the hatred of nations seems undying, where, if it dies, it seems only to give place in men's hearts to a not less cruel hatred of class, that there should be anyone alive who still believes in love, that there should be anyone left at all who perceives in crucified, defeated Christ their God and King is, I think, the only hope for the future of the world. But it is a hope which cannot be conquered, which can never die.

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"When ye pray, say, Father."—Luke xi, 2
(Revised Version).

EVERYTHING that our Lord did and said and thought about human nature emphasises its dignity in His eyes. "When ye pray, say, Father." For we are the sons of God, immortal spirits immeasurably dear to the heart of God, beings of infinite value and sanctity. And to many of those who stand outside the Christian religion, it has seemed that this sense of the sacredness of human life and human personality is the most striking feature in our Lord's teaching; that no other religious teacher in the world has given to man so profound a sense of his own immortal dignity. Other religions have emphasised other truths, but I use the verdict of many non-Christian critics ~~when I~~ say that this is the quality that has struck them most in the teaching of Christ.

We have interpreted it, as perhaps Western Christians are always inclined to, in rather too materialistic a way. But it is true, in spite of war, in spite of slums, in spite of cruelties, that we do attach a greater value

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to human life in the Western hemisphere, under the influence of Christian teaching, than is found in the East : and that is something. But it is not really, I think, the heart of what Christ meant. What He meant was not so much that human *life* is important as that human *personality* is sacred. I do not think He would have thought that we were fulfilling our whole Christian duty to any child by merely keeping it alive. He would demand—He does demand again and again in His parables and His teaching—that it should have more than existence ; that it should have love and work and opportunity and that it should be made the most of and the best of ; and that only when we have realised that human life to Him means something profoundly spiritual, shall we really treat rightly what is material.

He said that we ought to have work. Dr. Dearmer just now read to you the parable of the unemployed in the New Testament. And ~~there is~~ another parable no less significant—the parable of the ten talents. I think if you put these two parables together, you will get the heart of our Lord's teaching about work. I think you will agree that our Lord expected everyone to work. When He condemned a man it was because he had had a chance of work and had not taken it. He

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had been entrusted with the power to do something: he had been given (as our Lord puts it) a "talent." He did not steal it, or lose it, but he did not use it; he simply went and buried it in a napkin; and our Lord condemned him for that. He was idle; he did not work. We are not told that he was dishonest. But he was idle, and therefore he was condemned.

And—to go further than that—it is the *willingness* to work that our Lord praises. When the husbandman in the story goes into the market-place to hire labour, he comes at the very end of the day and he finds people there still idle, and says to them: "Why stand ye idle here all the day long?" And they answer: "Because no man hath hired us." And then he sends them to work and he gives them the same wage as though they had been working all day. They wanted to work: that was enough. They were to have the same as everybody else. When they said they were idle "because ~~they were~~ not hired," that was a sufficient ground for excuse. It was not their fault. They would have worked if they could, but no man had employed them, and therefore they received from the employer the same amount as though they had been working all the day long.

And then I think Christ demands that

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people should be allowed to do the work that they do best. We hear so much to-day, when we ask for rights, about the importance of thinking about duties. Sometimes I think Society ought also to realise that not only do rights go with duties, but duties go with rights ; and that if a man has a *duty* to use his talent, he has a *right* to use it also ; that if our Lord is going to condemn a man who does not *use* his talent, He will also condemn a society which does not *allow* him to use his talent ; that those two sides of the teaching belong together. You cannot be blamed for not working if no man has hired you. You cannot be condemned for not using your talent if society is so organised that it is not possible to use it. But the condemnation remains, only it does not fall on the worker : it falls upon the community which has not given the worker that chance.

And I believe that all this follows from our Lord's sense of the sacredness of human life. It is ~~is because~~ because He thinks of each individual *sub specie æternitatis*, as an immortal spirit and as the child of God, that He has such respect for his gifts, for his work, for his self-respect. You notice that it is the man who has only one talent who wastes it. Yes, and very often it is the man or woman who has only one talent of whom society is so criminally

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contemptuous. If a man is clever enough, he can generally rise to the top, especially if he combines with cleverness a complete absence of scruple. But a man who is not clever is precious to God. The man who has only one talent is condemned if he does not use it ; and society is condemned if it cannot respect the man and woman, not because they are geniuses, not even because they are talented people, but because they are human beings and the children of God.

I think that follows from our Lord's whole attitude towards human nature. He would not be satisfied to say to women who are out of work : " Mistresses are shrieking for domestic servants." He would want to know whether the woman was suited to be a domestic servant. He would have thought it a cheap thing to say : " There is the work for you to do if you choose to do it." He would want to know what is the kind of work which you could do best and which demanded from you your best. I do not know any principle of our Lord's that has been so brutally neglected as the right as well as the duty of the individual to use the talents which he has got. It is not enough to say to the discharged soldier and sailor to-day : " You can go and mend roads." (There are men for whom road-mending is an admirable

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—as it is certainly a poetic—method of making a livelihood.) But it is not the way of Christ—though it may be the way of statesmen of to-day (I am not at the moment discussing which is right—I only say it is not the way of Christ)—to produce a great piece of work and thrust it upon all and sundry, regardless of their individuality. For Him, the individual worker is the first and not the last consideration.

When we are organising work for the unemployed, we can, if we like, cramp the worker into the job that we choose to offer ; only, I repeat, that is not the way of Christ.

And then again, He demanded that *everybody* should work. Some of you write and say to me that you *do* work and you don't take pay for it, and you understand that I think that is very wrong. I do not want to lay down rigid rules for anything so elastic as human nature. I do quite a lot of work that I am not paid for, and a good deal of work that I am paid for. It does not make a button of difference to me—and I don't suppose it does to you—which it is. But there are certain kinds of work which, if they are done without pay, lower and disorganise the rates for everybody else. There are other kinds of work which I think are better done unpaid, and it is not possible to lay down a

rigid rule. But what I do want to lay down is that, judging by our Lord's parable, He did expect everybody to *work*. "Why stand ye idle?"

And He knew that the worker ought to receive enough for his human needs. "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." Our Lord's spirituality is not that kind of spirituality which consists in preaching to those who have not got food and clothing that their bodies ought not to concern them so much: they ought to be concerned with their immortal spirits. If He says, "Do not trouble about these things," it is not because He thinks they do not matter. It is because God knows that we have need of them.

When you organise your schemes of relief for the unemployed, do not then imagine that human beings can do without food and clothing, even if they happen to be women! The other day I read a discussion in one of the local papers in the north of England about a certain public office that was discharging all its women workers. There were letters in the newspapers complaining of this. And then somebody wrote to answer and to defend the action, and the grounds on which he defends it are these: he said: "There is a mistake about all this. We are not dis-

charging all the women. We are only discharging those women who have no one dependent on them." Apparently a woman herself requires neither food nor clothing! When her work is suspended, her existence is suspended also, or at least she is able to suspend it if she likes.

Please realise that a woman has as much right to work as a man, and as much need to eat and drink. And I have some sympathy with the speaker who said the other day—and I am glad to think he was a man and not a woman—who said that there are circumstances which make it almost a more tragic thing when a woman is out of work than when a man is, for a woman, in spite of the convenient assumption that she does not need to eat and drink *does* need to eat and drink. • And I sometimes think that if our Lord were to ask her not, "Why stand ye idle here all the day long?" but "Why do you walk the pavement of Piccadilly all the night long?" she might reply, "Because no man has hired me to do anything better." It is a kind of false sentiment which assumes that women do not need to work. Everyone who has self-respect needs to work. And I do not think you will get a really efficient and working scheme to deal with unemployment if you deliberately ignore the

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claims of the women who are suffering as much to-day from unemployment as the men.

That is why to-night I do not want to speak only of the unemployment of the discharged soldiers and sailors. I would rather use that as a lever to awaken the sluggish consciences of the community. But it is only an additional outrage that the men who were injured, perhaps, for their country, who at least gave up businesses, gave up jobs, gave up their livelihood, in order to defend their country, should be found in the casual wards of our country.

When Dr. Dearmer read that account in the *Daily News*,* I felt I could have sunk through the earth. To think that it is possible that men who fought in the Battle of Jutland, or any other battle, should be tramping the country and sleeping in the casual wards! But although, as I say, it makes one feel as if one could sink into the ground with shame at all we said and promised to those men five or six years ago, still, essentially, the problem applies not only to them, but is an old, old problem, rendered more acute by several circumstances which I shall deal with in a moment, having its base, its

* Of discharged service-men met in a casual ward. One had been in the Battle of Jutland.

real root-trouble, in the attitude of society towards the individual.

What would Christ do, I wonder? I believe He would begin at the other end. He would regard the bodies and souls of men and women in this country—the bodies *and* souls of these people—as being the first thing to be considered—the first, not the last. In such a description as this in the *Daily News* the point of the writer obviously is to try and make us realise that when you give a man no work, you destroy not only his body, but his soul. It is called, "How Tramps are Made." The observer in the casual ward sees the tramp who has been on the road for thirty years. How and why did he become a tramp? Because he could not get work. He began by looking for work, but soon he did not want work.

Then, on the other hand, there is this young man who had walked so many miles looking for work. There, side by side, he sees standing "the raw material and the finished article": the man who does not want work any more, whose body has survived, but whose soul has been destroyed; and the other, still looking and seeking. That is what I mean when I say we must begin at the other end. It is that man's soul that we have to consider first, then his body—his body and his soul

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together, if you like. But to suppose that any kind of organisation or society is even beginning to understand the Christian religion which makes the individual powers and life and spirit of a man its least consideration, is to imagine a farce. It is in these things that we are immeasurably un-Christian yet.

Well, then, our Lord, I suppose, would offer work to all these people. You notice his husbandman always seems to have work in the vineyard. The time never comes when he says: "I have not enough work for you all." Is not that true of the world? Is not there so much work to do in the world that it is never properly done? Are not most people overworked instead of underworked? Are not the people you know, most of them, tired out at the end of the week, worn out, some of them? Why, 70 per cent. to 75 per cent. of the people in this country are working people, and I never see a working woman of my own age without being ashamed to think that she looks so many years older than I, because of that. I think I have worked pretty hard in my life. She has worked much harder, and such workers are 75 per cent. of the population; and in other countries, like Russia, more like 90 per cent.

It is true of the professional and middle classes too, isn't it? I remember when I was,

like everybody else, looking for a house about two years ago, I went to see houses lived in by professional men and women outside London and inside London. And I had to ask the mistress of the house to show me over the house to see if it would do or not. I was burdened by the sense of the intolerable amount of work that was laid on the shoulders of those women, that seemed to leave no leisure, no time for the beauty and culture of life. It was worse if they had young children.

At that time—eighteen months or two years ago—they all seemed to me to be over-worked; and it is worse to-day. The prices have gone even higher. Life is even more difficult. There is always work in the world. You need not quarrel with our Lord's parable on the ground that he had always some work for his husbandman to do. So have we. There is only too much to do. It is not the work that is not there.

And so, I suppose, our Lord would have us offer work to all those who need it—all of them. He would set them to work that needs doing. Roads need making. Houses need building. Houses need pulling down too and garden cities building up. The world could be taken down and put together again if we chose. It is not so beautifully built

that we cannot unbuild it! And at school there are classes still of children with 70 and 80 children in them; 50 or 60 is quite common. There is work, isn't there, for more teachers? Nurses in hospitals, as far as I can see, are always sweated to an extent that is abominable. This is excused on the ground that "we cannot get enough nurses: we cannot afford better salaries." But the *work* is there! You see what I mean? The husbandman can still go into the marketplace and ask for labour, because *there is always work to do*. And I imagine our Lord would set them to do it, and He would set them to the work that they could do best. And when you went to a Labour Exchange where our Lord was sitting, His object would be to discover the kind of work that you were really fitted for—the work that you could do best—and that is the kind of work He would offer you.

Or if society has ill-treated you already—and it has so ill-treated hundreds of thousands of soldiers—that you have arrived at the age of manhood or womanhood without being trained for anything; that you are a woman who has never been taught any single useful thing—that you are a man who at the age of 18 years was taken into the army in 1914, 1915, or 1916. You have now got to the age

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when you ought to be a competent earner of your own living. You are not, because you have given up your time—your everything—to defend your country. You therefore are not trained. You hardly know yourself what is the work you want to do.

I think our Lord would take such a man and such a woman and the first thing He would do would be—not to thrust you into some cheap kind of work that would make you a cheap kind of person—but to train you to find out what is the kind of work you can do in order to make you the best kind of person that you possibly can be; and He would do it not because you are so stupid and foolish that you have learnt nothing, but because you are so precious, because your capacity is great, because the community needs you so much, that training is not a favour conferred on you, but the duty that the community asks you to fulfil for its sake.

I think that our Lord would not admit or believe that there was not money enough or room enough for noble human life. And that is the point I want to come to now. I have been drawing you a beautiful picture of what I believe Christ would do with the unemployed, but you have got in your mind all those great overwhelming difficulties that one knows every

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reformer, every statesman who tackles the subject, finds before he has really started.

First of all, where is the money to come from? If you are going to give people the work they really do best, and train them for it, and not just put them into any kind of job that is handy, that is going to take a great deal of money; and we are all so poor, we have not got any money. We are all so poor—and we spent a hundred million pounds on an expedition to Russia a year or so ago! I am not in love with Bolshevism, as some of my friends are. I think it is the negation of liberty and of peace. But for that very reason, perhaps, I ask if it is worth while to spend a hundred millions of money to kill a few Bolshévists in Russia, and make two Bolsheviks in England for every one that you kill in Russia? Do you realise that this enormous sum has not only left us where we were, but left us worse than we were?

I had a scheme—like many others—for endowing the motherhood of England; for putting the family on a stabler basis; for ensuring to every child that came into the world at least the means of existence; to make the child not “an encumbrance” any more. It would have cost 144 millions. But how laughable! What a ludicrous thing to ask a country that has gone through a

great war to produce 144 millions in order to give mothers and children a chance! And we take 100 millions, two-thirds of the sum needed, and fling it away in order to destroy human life in Russia. There is not any money? We can always find money for destruction. When you ask for money for human life, then we are told it cannot be found. We are spending, according to Mr. Asquith, 50 millions a year in Mesopotamia. What for? Because there are oil wells in Mesopotamia!

When a Prime Minister gets up in this country in Parliament and justifies the expenditure on Mesopotamia on the ground that Mesopotamia contains oil wells, and there is not in this country a shout of protest, do not blame the Prime Minister if he thinks that is the way in which you like your money spent. It was said in the House of Commons. It was reported in the papers. A few people here and there said, "It seems a shame to spend all that money on conquering Mesopotamia," and there was a certain amount of underground discontent. *You and I could have had that money for better things if there had been any real protest against the way it was being spent.*

Now, when I tell you of an expensive way of saving the bodies and souls of men and

women, I shall be told there is no money. Why, even individuals fling money away like water still in this country. You remember when the railwaymen struck a year ago. A great many railwaymen came up to London to picket, and I saw some of them standing in Oxford Street one day. Oxford Street, ladies. It is not like Bond Street! But even in Oxford Street, this is what I saw. The men were standing in a little knot outside a shop. I knew they were pickets, because they had their badges on. And in the window there was a display of underclothing. It was labelled "Inexpensive crêpe-de-chine underclothing." "Nightdress seven guineas." I repeat, I am not a Bolshevist. But why those men did not take up the paving stones and throw them through the window, I don't know. They were striking, were they not, for something like £3 a week to keep a wife and family on? And some people who condemn them have the insolence to think they are being "inexpensive" when they spend 7 guineas on one article of dress! No money? The money is there. The trouble is that it is spent on the wrong thing.

We have a trade to-day, or at least we had, with Ireland of something like 65 millions a year. We took a lot of food from Ireland, and we sent to Ireland manufactured goods.

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That trade is being destroyed. Crops in Ireland are burnt, creameries are burnt, by one side or the other. For the purpose of this argument it does not matter which. All I want to point out now is that we can afford to throw away money when we choose. It is only when money is asked for to save human life that we have not got it to give.

Then, you will say, there is the difficulty of the Trade Unions. They won't let us deal with unemployment. Do you know why not? It is because they are afraid of unemployment for themselves. Oh, you say, what a horribly selfish attitude of mind. No, those of you who know what unemployment means won't say it. You know that to the working man it is the last abyss of horror to be out of work. Get to the bottom of that trouble. What causes it? It is that Society is organised in such a way that industries want a margin of unemployment. I say industries, because I do not consider that it is generally the fault, I mean the deliberate policy of the employer: but if every industry carried its own weight of unemployment, the opposition of the trade unions might disappear.

Try to get to the bottom of this selfishness because I admit it is sometimes selfish. Try to get at the bottom of the fear that makes men selfish, the suspicion, the dread, born

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of too long and tragic experience to be easily removed. Get at the root of it, and organise your society in such a way that you don't take up men, like a sponge soaking up water, in good times, and throw them out, like a sponge being squeezed, in bad times. That is putting the industry above the human spirit instead of the human spirit employing the industry! Do not let us be content with such an organisation of society. Choose your way out of it, but end it. Do not be content to treat men like that.

And finally, there is the difficulty that all big relief works have met with. They have all been wasteful. They have all been demoralising. And when I claim that you should not demoralise these people, those of you who know anything of the history of relief say to yourselves, "Well, after all, 'relief work' has always been demoralising, has always been an enormous waste of public money." Surely that is because we have set to work, again, at the wrong end. We have not tried to put the men to work they could do well. We have not tried to respect their individuality. We have set up the cheapest way of trying to relieve them, thrown them all into some job or other, whether it suited them or not: the man with fine hands—the weaver or the spinner—

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into some work that destroys his hands and makes it impossible for him ever to go back into that trade. The same with women: treating them in the mass, making them feel that we are only doing this because we are obliged to save them from actual starvation, with no respect for the human spirit at all.

Begin the other way. Disregard the fear that money will be wasted. It has always been wasted *because we wasted the human spirit*. Begin, I repeat, at the other end. Take the trouble to train your people for the work they want to do, to give them the work they can do best. Cease to regard them as a nuisance, as a trouble that has to be got over. Let us think of each one as an asset to the State—the man who can be of great service to the community, the woman whose work ought not to be wasted—and I am persuaded that you will get such a reaction in the human spirit that instead of being demoralised they will be built up.

You don't know, some of you, how deep that disrespect of human life goes. I remember when the armistice had been declared I was asked to go and preach to a lot of soldiers in a huge soldiers' camp—one of the very biggest in the country—15,000 men. I was to go three nights and speak to these men on purity. And what do you think I

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found when I got there? These 15,000 men were all of them put there to be trained in different kinds of engineering work, so I suppose they were not fools! The engineers in the army are not the least skilled, or the least intelligent! They were sent there to be trained in a trade that would always be a valuable, useful, highly-skilled trade. And then the war ended. Do you think it ever occurred to the War Office that it was worth while to train those men when they no longer needed them as soldiers? They could not demobilise the whole lot at once, and so they were kept there, month after month, going through drills and wasting their time; and because they were not going to be soldiers, *it was not worth while training them*. It was not worth the country's while to train them because they were human beings, because they were men who could serve the country in peace or war.

The chaplain told me that some of the busiest men did three hours' work a day. "Oh," he said, "they do something, of course. They do fatigues, and extra drill, and other kinds of forced employment. But they know it is only just to pass the time." And they had the effrontery to ask me to go down and preach purity to these men! They asked me to go all over the country doing it.

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I said I would rather go and preach to the War Office.

You see the insanity of it? These men were being absolutely demoralised, and whoever they were, it was almost impossible for them not to be demoralised. They were taught all day that the country had no particular use for them now that they could not go out and fight the Germans. They were not precious in the living service of the country. Their time, their training, their skill, were worth nothing at all. They were being taught to be loafers. They were being taught to be of no value. And the authorities thought they could set it all right by a few pious sentiments from a silly woman! Well, I was not silly enough for that.

But, I beseech you, believe that you can find the money, or make the money, if you choose. But you must choose: you cannot have it both to destroy life and to save it. Which will you choose? Remember, you cannot treat men and women as though they were just cheap cogs in the industrial machine and expect a reaction of public spirit, intelligence and devotion.

I claim that the old way has been proved a failure; that it has always been demoralising; and that we are too poor to afford to demoralise our men and women. There is where poverty

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does come in ! We are not rich enough to be able to scrap human beings. Choose ! Which way will you spend your money ? Shall we not, for the first time perhaps in the history of the world, turn the world upside down in this most Christian sense, and instead of regarding first the convenience of the community, the difficulty of finding the money, or the difficulty of organising the work, consider instead the dignity of these men and women with whom we have to deal, whose ranks you and I might have to join at any time ? These children of God—these are the real wealth of their country, and these, in so many cases, are out of work, are unskilled, are in a sense at present “unemployable,” because they sacrificed all for the rest of us.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY, 1921

IT is St. Patrick's Day. Let us recall the Ireland of St. Patrick.

It has been too much forgotten, perhaps, that Ireland has been called the Isle of Saints, the Land of Light and Learning. We English Christians do not always remember that our first Evangelists came to our then uncivilised and un-Christianised country, not from Rome but from Ireland.

It is a long time since then: well-nigh 1,300 years.

Of that long period between seven and eight hundred years have been occupied in an attempt on the part of English people to govern Ireland. Sometimes by methods of conquest, sometimes by sheer brutality, as under Cromwell, sometimes by a more or less benevolent despotism as under Strafford, sometimes with an attempt at co-operation, as during the last century. But with brief intervals, for seven or eight hundred years, we English people have been governing Ireland.

In what state is she to-day? Let us quote first of all the verdict of those who by

conviction are all in favour of the political union between England and Ireland.

According to Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Hamar Greenwood, Ireland is "in the grip of a murder-gang." According to Mr. Garvin, the Editor of *The Observer*, Ireland is passing through "an orgy of bloodshed and destruction." The atmosphere there "is fatal." An article in the same newspaper headed "Ireland week by week" has for its sub-heading "An Intolerable Situation."

Nor will anyone here wish to deny the horror of what is now "the Irish Problem." To such figures as these we are, to our own disgust, getting accustomed:

In 1917, the British police and military in Ireland made 349 arrests, 11 raids, and 18 baton or bayonet charges; they killed 7 men, deported 24, and suppressed 3 papers.

In 1918 they arrested 1,107 people, conducted 260 raids, made 81 baton or bayonet charges, suppressed 12 papers and 32 meetings, deported 88 men and 3 women without trial, and sentenced 973 persons to imprisonment.

In 1919 they arrested 959 people, held 209 courts martial, carried out 13,782 raids on private houses, committed 476 armed assaults on unarmed civilians, and inflicted 638 prison sentences and 20 deportations.

In 1920 the tale of their outrages has got

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beyond numerical computation. It is reckoned by the *anti-Sinn* *Fein* papers themselves that over a million pounds' worth of material damage has been done in a single day.

Of these the following are the official statistics of outrages in Ireland from January 1st to November 20th :—

Barracks destroyed	527
Courthouses destroyed	67
Raids on mails	800
Raids on lighthouses and coastguard stations	45
Raids for arms	3,000
Policemen killed	149
Policemen wounded	220
Soldiers killed	34
Civilians killed	37
Soldiers wounded	95
Civilians wounded	89

The casualties in the Belfast riots are not included.

Besides this, we know that over 40 creameries have been partly or wholly destroyed : great and profitable factories and printing-works, as at Balbriggan, Bandon and Athlone destroyed, crops burnt, shops destroyed, and a large part of the city of Cork burnt to the ground.

We ask whose fault this is, and who are

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the offenders. We are told that much of the damage has been done by the Irish whom we are trying to govern. We are reminded that, so great is their hatred for us, that many perfectly innocent and upright men, doing what is simply their duty to do, have been ambushed, shot in the back, or dragged from their beds and murdered, sometimes actually in the presence of their wives. Mr. Lloyd George speaking in the House of Commons last November reminded his hearers that already nearly 100 policemen had been murdered, 146 wounded, 20 soldiers killed and 64 wounded; and of course since then—last November—the number of killed and wounded has greatly increased. That very month, on a Sunday, in Dublin, 12 Englishmen—officers—were dragged from their beds and brutally assassinated.

So great is the hatred of the Irish against us, that no one who has friends or relatives there can be happy about them or count on their security for 24 hours. According to a private correspondent who is an ardent Unionist—an Ulsterman—they live "under daily threat of death." According to a leaflet also sent to me from Ulster, "every one knows" that "*the first Irish Dominion Parliament would contain an overwhelming majority of Sinn Feiners, whose first step would*

be to establish an independent Irish Republic." In the meantime, a sort of war is carried into England and in Liverpool incendiarism and arson are the weapons of the Irish against the English people.

It will be seen that I dwell only on the crimes committed by Irish people against English. I put aside the question of reprisals. I accept the statement that when a pregnant woman or a little girl of eight years old or an aged priest is shot, these regrettable incidents are the inevitable result of the extraordinary nervous strain of living among people who will kill you at sight if they get the chance. If there have been "reprisals" it has, in fact, only been because by such means alone have the constabulary been able to keep any order at all among such a hostile and murderous people. So we are told.

Perhaps here it will be said that it is not the *people* who are murderous or hostile, but only a gang of wicked and evilly-disposed men, members of the organisation known as "Sinn Fein." Yet the upholders of the British Government themselves affirm that trials and inquiries in Ireland are useless, because no one will give evidence; that members of the Irish Republican Army cannot be captured because they are sheltered by the people; that this Army—according

to General French—numbers 200,000 men: and again from an *Ulster leaflet* that an Irish Dominion Parliament, if elected, would be “*overwhelmingly Sinn Fein.*”

Thus, after seven hundred years of British government, the people of Ireland hate us with so great a hatred that even the shooting of a pregnant woman is excused on the part of those who are obliged daily to face it!

After seven hundred years, Ireland is in an orgy of murder and destruction; property amounting to millions is being destroyed; and life as well as property is totally insecure.

After seven hundred years, we are compelled to hold down this little island of 4,000,000 inhabitants with a force of

51 battalions of infantry,
7 cavalry regiments,
32 batteries of artillery,
4 Royal Engineer field companies,
and 3 signalling units,

besides aeroplanes, tanks, armoured cars, and police-force costing nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions a year. The cost of the troops in 1919 was $10\frac{1}{2}$ millions. That is two years ago. I have not been able to discover the estimated cost of the current year, but it must necessarily be much larger.

And this is no newly conquered country. This is no people who have yet to learn what

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the benevolent rule of Great Britain means. These people have been governed by us for seven hundred years. In 1172 our English king "invaded Ireland for the purpose of restoring order." In 1921 Ireland is one orgy of bloodshed and destruction.

After seven hundred years !

Is there a man or woman in this church who is satisfied with what I have stated? Is there one who, if told such a tale of some little island governed by Germany for seven hundred years, would be content to leave it at that? Is there anyone who, hearing of a land which seethed with discontent from end to end, and broke out at intervals into brutal and cold-blooded murder, would believe for an instant that such hatred, such crimes, were wholly unprovoked, and sprang from nothing but the innate wickedness of the governed? Is there a man alive who would not say: What has that *Government* done to provoke such hatred? How is it that in seven hundred years they have not yet succeeded in establishing order or winning the good-will of the people? If you heard *only* one side—as you have this morning—if you knew *only* that such hatred and discontent existed, would you not immediately ask for a reason? Would you be satisfied to be told that it lay simply in the original sin of being of a wicked

race? And if, unsatisfied, you asked for an inquiry to be made, and for these accused people to be heard, and were refused that also, what conclusion would you draw?

Again and again, after some horrible outbreak of murder or destruction, the Government has been pressed to hold an inquiry, and has refused. Inquiries have been held by other agencies. A party of women visited Ireland last year. The Labour Party sent over a Commission of Inquiry. Sir Horace Plunket has spoken. Mr. Hugh Martin has written. From all sources the verdict is the same. Ireland has suffered and is suffering intolerable things at the hands of our representatives over there. Hear now a little of the other side then!

Ireland was promised Home Rule when the war broke out. That promise was broken. It has been treated as a scrap of paper.

Ireland would now, if we can trust the statements of *Ulstermen*, elect an "overwhelming majority" of Sinn Feiners to her Parliament if she had one. *An overwhelming majority!* In what country, in the twentieth century, do you suppose that an overwhelming majority will accept for ever the domination of a small minority? Devise what safeguards for Ulster you please: demand what guarantees. But face the facts. Realise

that it is an absolute impossibility to compel the majority to submit to the decision of the minority. We English would never consent to it ourselves. The Irish are like us in that.

Consider that every Irishman whom we imprison or execute to-day—and I am compelled to add every woman and every child who is insulted, injured, killed in this intolerable, unrecognised warfare—is regarded by the Irish people as a martyr and a saint : that mothers to-day in Ireland ask only if their sons died bravely at our hands : that to them the dead were as much “ murdered ” as were our English officers in Dublin that black Sunday. Remember that to the Irish a devastated village, a burning city, are as much a proof of our enmity to Ireland as were the same sights in Belgium of the enmity of Germany. Remember that the Irish prisons are full of Irish prisoners, and internment camps have had to be started not only for soldiers of the Irish Republican Army, but for civilians. Remember also how farcical in Irish eyes must seem our efforts to justify ourselves.

In 1916 a British officer killed three untried and unconvicted men. The case was flagrant and—for once—an inquiry was held. The offender was adjudged insane and placed in a lunatic asylum. In six months he was

pronounced well and set free. Early this year another British officer was guilty of the murder of an old priest. Again the case was flagrant. Again—perforce—an inquiry was held. Again the offender was found insane! Is it then the custom to put madmen in such positions of responsibility? And if an Irishman murders an English officer, is he ever pronounced insane and spared?

Another instance—the worst of all. Half a city is burnt, and the forces of the Crown are accused of incendiarism. This time there is an almost unanimous demand for inquiry, not least loud from those who feel most certain that the accusation is unjust. The Government yields the point. There shall be an inquiry. A judicial inquiry? No! Witnesses cannot be depended upon. A military inquiry then. The military inquiry is held. The report is drawn up and submitted by an English officer—General Strickland. *What then?* Nothing! What is in the Report? No one knows. No one has read it. No one is allowed to read it. The Report is there and that is all. Even the most ardent supporters of the Government have demanded its publication, but it has not been published. The official account of the burning of Cork city remains a secret.

Is there one person here who believes that

if that Report had exonerated the Crown forces it would have remained unpublished? Is there one who can refuse to ask himself the terrible question—how much more is true of all that we have heard?

Turn to the Report of the Labour Commission and read. It is a horrible record of burnings, terrorism, murder. Here are a few samples: "The Government has admitted that the fires at Balbriggan were caused by servants of the Crown. . . . The damage caused at Bandon was estimated at £50,000. . . . The damage done by the Crown forces at Tralee is estimated at over £50,000. . . . The forces of the Crown in Ireland have been guilty of arson . . . the Government has admitted as much."

"In face of the admissions of the Government as to the origin of the fires at Balbriggan, Achonry, and Tubbercurry, the general public may well suspect the truth of denials in other cases. . . . It is within the knowledge of the British Government that there have been cases of looting." Since this Report was published a British Brigadier-General has resigned his post in Ireland on this very question of looting. "There were far more casualties at Croke Park than at Peterloo. The killed and injured—numbering 73 persons in all—included both women and boys." In

Tralee "the whole population seemed to be sunk in the depths of morbid fear and contagious depression. . . . The principal buildings had been destroyed by fire. . . . Even in Cork the people were not nearly so reduced in spirit as those in Tralee" (but this was before the burning of Cork). "The very atmosphere is deadening." And again: "The atmosphere of Cork was beyond description. Within the past twelve months there have been three Lord Mayors. One was murdered in the presence of his wife. One died in prison. The last is "on the run." . . .

During the month of November alone 200 arrests had been made, 4 Sinn Fein clubs burnt to the ground, 12 large business premises destroyed by fire, 7 men shot dead, a dozen men dangerously wounded, 15 trains held up, 4 publicly placarded threats to the citizens of Cork issued, and over 500 houses of private citizens forcibly entered and searched. . . . There were, in addition, attempted arrests that were unsuccessful, much indiscriminate shooting, and many minor outrages."

This, observe, was *before* December 11th, on which dreadful day, at nine in the evening, the police appeared in the streets and, revolvers in hand, drove the people into their houses before the curfew hour; and throughout the night fire after fire burst out till at

last street after street and building 'after building, including the City Hall, the City Library, large business houses, and the most valuable premises in the town were utterly destroyed. The facts are undeniable. The spectacle may be seen of all men and cries to heaven. Even the Government was forced to hold an inquiry, but the Report of that inquiry known as the Strickland Report has, as I have reminded you, been suppressed. We asked for a verdict, and the verdict has been given, but we are not allowed to hear it.

Day by day the state of Ireland goes from bad to worse. "The last week," writes Mr. Garvin in last Sunday's *Observer*, "has brought a change, *not for the better, but for the still worse*. . . . It is now certain that the Black and Tans have carried arbitrary shooting and looting, wanton insult and blind, futile terrorism to a pitch which we were long unwilling to credit—which we hate to believe. *This disastrous disgrace must be stamped out at any conceivable cost.*"*

This is what Mr. Lloyd George's friends say. Could his enemies say more?

Ah, let us forget whether we are friends or foes, and remember only that we are Englishmen and women. Our country has a great and glorious history, and there are great and

* The italics are mine.—A. M. R.

glorious traditions for us to boast of. But to-day we stand before the world as the oppressors of a little people, a mere handful, without a regular army, without a navy, without wealth or population to be compared with ours—and yet unconquered and unconquerable. You cannot kill the soul of a nation. You can never conquer Ireland. For every man who goes down in the struggle others will spring forward into the post of danger, and all the world will cry "Well done!"

Ah, but that is nothing. It is nothing that the world applauds these Irishmen, nothing that it execrates us. What matters is quite another thing. It is that we are beginning to execrate ourselves! It is that before the bar of our own conscience we are arraigned and we find ourselves guilty. That is the intolerable thing. Nothing else matters, but that matters supremely.

Let us end it. Let us insist that, without any conditions or stipulations, the policy of reprisals ceases and the reign of terror in Ireland ends. Let us admit our failure, and invite the people of Ireland themselves to decide their own future. Let us abandon the pretence that we are necessary to preserve order in Ireland. We have made a wilderness and no one even dreams that it is peace.

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Terrorism has accomplished nothing but ruin to Ireland and indelible shame to ourselves. It never will accomplish anything. In the name of God let us abandon it, and now—on the eve of the Passion of our Saviour—cease to put Him to open shame. For which of us will not echo, as Passion Week draws near in this year 1921, the burning words of a great poet of freedom :

“ Face loved of little children long ago,
Head cursed by priests and rulers now as then ;
Say—was not this Thy passion, to foreknow
In Thy death's hour the deeds of Christian men ? ”

THE CRY OF RUSSIA

THE collection to-night will go to the "Save-the-Children" Fund for Russia. The Save-the-Children Fund in England, and its International Union have been allotted by Dr. Nansen, the relief of the Province of Saratov, which is regarded as the worst district in the whole of the distressed area. The money you give will go to feed children and invalids, and I understand it is to supplement the ration allowed to each person by the Government. I had hoped to have persuaded Dr. Nansen to come to-night to plead the cause of Russia himself in this church, and when, after some uncertainty, he found he could not come, I was at first, and in a sense I still am, profoundly disappointed. Then I thought, after all, in spite of our personal disappointment—for I know the Guildhouse would have been very proud to have given a welcome to a man like Dr. Nansen—after all we ought not really to need him. Dr. Nansen is here primarily to try to bring our Government into action. He is here not so much to raise funds from private individuals like ourselves, as to move the Government,

and if he is occupied—as I know he is—in seeing official people and trying to move official bodies, we ought to be able here to do without him.

We ought to be able to feel, without that most eloquent and able advocate, so simple a human need as this of starving children, and to do our best ; to send him perhaps £100* for the children of Russia, not because anybody has asked us very eloquently to do so, but simply because we are human beings and it is not possible for us to remain unmoved in the presence of great suffering.

The facts are, as you probably know, that the three critical months of the harvest in Russia had only about one-fifteenth of the average rainfall. Whatever other causes the famine may be assigned to, and I shall speak of one or two in a moment, the primary cause is simply the drought. Not universally through Russia, but in certain parts of the country, the rainfall was just one-fifteenth what it usually is, and consequently the harvest in some places has literally not been worth collecting even by people who were starving. The different parts of Russia suffer unequally. In some parts the harvest has not been bad, in others the people are absolutely starving. In the case of the Samara

* The amount raised has reached £545 (October 18th).

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Province, which is a fair example of the stricken areas, *The Times* correspondent tells us that "in this province, in a normal pre-war year, the harvest amounted to 3,000,000 tons. This year, the total yield has been less than one-twelfth of the average." That means not only that the people cannot sow, cannot keep seed corn for the next harvest, but cannot live through this winter. As *The Times* correspondent says, "the matter resolves itself into a mathematical problem: if the peasants, as the result of the annual harvest, which they always reckoned upon to support them until the next autumn (to say nothing of supplies for export, seeds, and stores reserved against a day of need), have harvested only what would normally be enough to feed them for a few weeks at most, how long will it be before they die of starvation?"

Dr. Nansen tells us that there are now between 20 and 30 millions of people in Russia who are hungry: there are 10 millions whose lives are at stake; and the American Commission which has been in Russia considers that the deaths of between two and three million people this winter cannot now be avoided. Dr. Nansen goes on to tell us that on the other side of the world, in Canada, there was a crop of $6\frac{1}{2}$ million tons, nearly

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six million of which was for export, or three times as much as was needed to save the whole famine-stricken districts of Russia.

In the United States farmers have their crops decomposing in their stores, because they cannot get rid of them, and in the Argentine quantities of meat cannot be sold because the exchange is unfavourable, and in that country maize is actually being burned as fuel for locomotives. My point is that *there is food in the world*, both in the United States, Canada, and the Argentine, and to some extent at least in the more favoured parts of Russia. The difficulty is to buy that food from other countries, to find money with which to buy it and transport it, and in Russia itself to keep going the means of transport which are already breaking down, largely owing to the starvation of the railway workers, so that the food may be moved from the more fortunate parts of Russia to the famine-stricken areas.

Now this is a race against time. The Russian winter is closing in, the Russian railways are breaking down, the Russian rivers will soon be frozen, the plains will soon be covered with snow. It will be soon, humanly speaking, impossible to move food to the famine-stricken areas, however much there may be rotting in Canada and the

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United States, or other parts of the world. That is why I felt we must do our part. I am convinced by Dr. Nansen's statement, and those of others, that what is required is that the Governments shall act, and that private charity cannot with sufficient speed produce the money or the food. I say "with sufficient speed" because it is now a question of a race against time and against the winter. But it is not true, as I was rather inclined to suppose, that private charity could not, if it would, raise the necessary money.

My people, we in this country are spending between nine and ten millions on each of four new battleships. Dr. Nansen asks from the entire world five millions to keep Russia alive. We could do it, he says, if we would save the cost of half a battalion of troops. You will say that that again is the Government's business. Well, in one sense I suppose it is. But will you realise also that our drink bill in this country last year was 450 millions? Nansen asks for five millions from the world and we spend 450 millions on drink in one country alone. I have always felt, and I still feel, that drunkenness is rather an effect than a cause. I realise that the causes of drunkenness are very deep-seated in our housing conditions, our education conditions,

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and a hundred other things ; but I confess that when I think that the demand for five million pounds to keep a nation alive has been rejected by the nations of the world on the ground that they cannot find the money, and that we in this country alone spend 450 millions in one year on drink, I ask myself how God in heaven can allow such a race of creatures to continue to exist ? We could do it if we chose, by private charity, and if I urge Government action it is partly for the honour of the Government and partly because it can act much more quickly. Private charity has to be collected and organised, and meanwhile people are dying. But to say we *could* not do it if we chose is simply and absolutely untrue.

In 1919 we spent over 180 millions on tobacco. We spent over 100 millions on making war against Russia after war had nominally ceased. This country spent 100 millions in fighting against Russia, or at least in lending its support to the attack on Russia, and now we say we cannot find five millions to keep the people of Russia alive. Those very areas in some cases, were devastated by "White" troops attacking Russia. Englishmen in khaki have helped to destroy some of those areas, and I suppose if it had not been that most of the men in khaki absolutely

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refused to be sent to Russia, we might have gone a great deal farther than we did. I feel as if we ought to thank God for the fear of mutiny in the army which to a very large extent prevented our going farther in that Russian adventure.

The money is there and the food is there, and it is simply a question of our giving enough, or bringing enough pressure on the Government to act for us. It is simply a question of getting the Russian people the food and money that does exist, that can be given, even in this poverty-stricken country, even among us where unemployment is so terribly rife. It can be done if we choose to sacrifice something. I suppose there are not many people here who do drink very much: it is no use asking you to stop drinking! Most of you smoke, I daresay. We might perhaps stop smoking for the winter, those of us who do. All of us have something that we could go without much more easily than a Russian baby can go without food. If you put it like that, you feel that something *can* be done. .

Even here, we in the Guildhouse, who are not a rich congregation, who are even a poor congregation, who are ourselves short of money for the Guildhouse, can do our part. The Guildhouse only exists to serve the world

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and when it ceases to do that, let it cease to exist at all. We take the risk therefore and ask you to give all you can into the collection to-night, for us to send to the Russian people. It seems to us such a simple, elementary human duty, and although we are such a tiny body of people, in the world there are many other such bodies of people trying to do the same thing, and if we do it with real sacrifice and real love, a miracle may easily happen. Have you ever heard the miracle of the loaves and fishes explained in this way? That when our Lord asked how much food there was among 5,000 people—no, I beg your pardon, 5,000 men, besides women and children!—all hungry, it seemed rather absurd to offer a few loaves. Suppose you had been one of those people. You looked round and saw 5,000, and you only had a few loaves and two fish which you had brought for yourself and your “women and children.” You might have thought, “It is really foolish to produce this; it simply cannot go all round and it will only make it impossible for us to eat it ourselves.”

An ordinary person would think that, just as you may think we cannot really touch the fringe of this great problem, so what is the use of denying ourselves cigarettes? The story goes that when one person produced

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all the food he had to offer, all the other people were filled with shame, and they all produced the food they all had secreted somewhere and had not dared to bring out for fear it should not be enough to go round ! I sometimes wish the miracle of the loaves and fishes had happened that way, because it would be just as great a miracle as the other though of a different kind. We here, and all those people in any church or school or meeting place, who have collected money they could not spare to send to Russia, may create a movement, an inspiration, which may move the Governments of the world, which will certainly reach the hearts of the Russian people. I sometimes feel as if Christianity itself is to-day at stake in regard to what we do or do not do about Russia ; that here is a case where our Lord is saying to us, " I was hungry, and ye gave Me no meat, thirsty and ye gave Me no drink, naked and sick and ye visited Me not. Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these Russians ye did it not to Me."

We can do it. What is being done ? Well, to begin with, Mr. Hoover has undertaken to feed a million children from the American Relief Fund. Dr. Nansen has already received help from a few—alas, a few of the smaller and poorer Governments of

countries near Russia, and our own Save the Children Fund in this country has undertaken to feed a quarter of a million children during the coming winter. What prevents us from doing more? I think three or perhaps four people remained seated last Sunday when I asked the congregation to rise and express its desire that the Government should take action in this matter. It was not because those people—they are not known to me, but I can safely say it was not because those people were brutes, it was not because they desired to be cruel: and if the Governments do not act it is not because they *want* to behave like fiends!

But there are people who fear—they cannot help it, and there may be some here to-night, and I want to justify if I can my appeal to those people—there are people who fear that the money and food will never reach the people for whom it is intended. May I then call your attention to this: the Friends' Relief Committee, which has been working for eighteen months now in Russia, tells us that in the last year and a half, that is, all the time they have been there, "we, who have been the only foreign relief agency in Russia, have sent 461 tons of goods to the value of £42,600, and the loss in transit has been practically negligible—about a half of

one per cent. This is no greater than our losses in transit to our other fields of work. One consignment by some mischance went astray, and for this we received here a cheque for £1,396 in full payment." *The New Statesman* points out that Mr. Hoover, and presumably Dr. Nansen will follow the same plan, keeps only one month's provisions in Russia, and three months' outside, so that at any moment the stock can be sent wherever the need is greatest. Therefore, says *The New Statesman*, at any moment, if there is any suspicion whatever that the food is going astray, the whole thing could be closed down; and Dr. Nansen tells us he has already undertaken that the moment there is a suspicion that the food is going to the wrong people, he will close down.

Now if, as many people think, the famine is disastrous to the Bolshevist Government, it is surely in the last degree improbable that the Bolshevist Government should make the famine worse by endangering in any possible way the continuance of the relief sent from outside. If they wish to take the food (which I do not for a moment believe, but I am trying to meet the case against them) they know the whole supply would immediately come to an end, both from America and European countries. I honestly believe,

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if you will look into the matter, you will find that there simply is not any truth in the allegation, any danger in the threat, that what you give will not go to the people for whom you intend it.

Then there is the fear that the Bolshevik Government may benefit by what we do. I want to say at once that I feel that this ghastly tragedy has been exploited by two sets of people; first, the people who use it as a proof that Communism is a failure, and want that proof to go home; people who feel that to do anything to make the position of the Government easier would mean the perpetuance of a form of Government which they honestly believe to be a wicked and oppressive one. These people feel that if we give now, we are merely helping to perpetuate in Russia a system which is horrible.

Then secondly, there are the people who use the famine to show that capitalist governments have tried to destroy Russia simply in order that they may destroy a great democratic movement. It is difficult to express one's disgust at this tendency to exploit the sufferings of 20 or 30 millions of people in the interests of any political theory; whether it be Communist or anti-Communist. But to those who do feel—let me take the first point first—that they

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cannot help because they are perpetuating a bad government, I would appeal to consider for a moment by what means they are trying to press their political convictions. Read a little of the history of Russia. In all the world is there a more suffering nation? The literature, the music of Russia is penetrated with the sense of suffering. Read, if you will, without prejudice, what Russia was like before the revolution, and then ask yourselves what sort of a revolution do you expect from people who have suffered like that? I do not myself think that the economic system in vogue in Russia will last. Perhaps it has already ceased to exist as I speak. Communism has broken against the resistance of the great peasant population of Russia. But apart from whether I like or do not like Bolshevism, it sometimes seems to me as if Russia was a crucified nation, a nation that has suffered so unspeakably that people looking back on history will ask themselves why the reaction was not even worse than it was.

When we think of the vicious circle of suffering, terrorism, revenge and counter-terrorism which has been the fate of Russia now for centuries, and reflect that we are wreaking our hatred of Communism—if we do hate it—on those very people, the Russian

peasants, against whom Communism has been broken, we shall surely feel that this is the last irony of history! If anything has brought Communism to an end in Russia, it is the immovable resistance of the great peasant population. Whether it be, as Maxim Gorky says, because they are too sodden and steeped in ignorance and stupidity to understand, or whether because they understand only too well, at any rate it is without a doubt against the refusal of the peasants in Russia to accept Communism that the Communistic Government has had, so far as Communism goes, to yield.

And now to say that these very people shall be starved to death—for these are the people who are starving, the 90 per cent. of the Russian people of the peasant class—that these shall starve in order to force them to change their Government, a Government which to many people seems dreadful, and yet less dreadful than the anarchy which would follow its fall, is surely the last word in the irony in human history. These are the people who have wrecked this political theory which people are still making an excuse for not helping those who suffer under it! I plead that we should learn to rise, in the presence of a tragedy so great, above the effort to exploit in our own interests the sufferings of the

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Russian people, and to remember only that they suffer.

I shall be told, perhaps, that the repudiation of their own financial obligations stands in our way. The Russian Government has repudiated its national debt. We are told that unless they take back that repudiation and acknowledge their national duty for debts incurred before the Bolshevik Government came into power, we cannot help them. There is again much to be said on that point, both for and against. But the only thing I want to say is just this: we made a trade agreement with Russia, we made a commercial treaty, a commercial understanding: we wanted Russia to buy from us; and when we did that, we remembered the repudiation of her national debt and we waived it aside. It was not forgotten, it was brought up, but in the interests of commerce the matter was postponed.

Is anyone going to allow that national debt to stand in the way of our *giving* something to Russia when we did not allow it to stand in the way when we wanted her to *buy* something from us? How is it possible, since we have given this recognition to Russia, to say now, in the presence of her starving people, "We are going to insist on the national debt, which you will never, never be able to

pay unless we come now to your assistance, but we insist on it as a point of honour," when we did not insist on it when we wanted to resume commercial relations with Russia? I maintain that we put that obligation out of court when we accepted from them the agreement to buy. It cannot now stand in the way when we want, or should want, to give. Even those who cling most persistently to the hope of the payment of that national debt must realise that unless we are going to help Russia to survive, our debt will be so much waste paper. Russia cannot pay unless Russia is set upon her feet.

My people, you are surfeited with stories of the sufferings of starving people, but they still starve. I beseech you, do not be weary of hearing what these people are compelled not to be weary of suffering. The descriptions that are given to you in every paper—I do not care what you read, whether it be *The Times*, *The Manchester Guardian*, *The Daily News*, or *The Herald*—in every paper and with one accord there are published accounts of eye-witnesses, who describe a state of things in Russia absolutely beyond the imagination of people even in a poverty-stricken country such as ours this winter. "At Samara Station," *The Manchester Guardian* writes, "the children thronged beside

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the train, keeping up a steady wailing, as regular as the noise of nightjars in the woods, each child speaking for itself, individually, 'A little bit of bread. A little bit of bread. Uncle, little Uncle, give a little bit of bread.' The feet of the children were black with odd splashes of purple and blue, and bright lights where the sunshine caught the projecting bones like patches of leprosy. Their faces were like those of hurt animals, like white illuminated masks, like anything but the faces of children. People gave them scraps of food from the windows of the train. Each scrap went straight into their mouths, and there were those pitiable little hands already asking for more. Mothers were standing there, weakly crying, past begging. One told me she was walking from Orenburg to Minsk, that is to say from one side of European Russia to the other. They had started with carts and beasts. Eight of the family had died and all the beasts. She had a little scarcely moving skeleton in her arms, and two others at her side. A little boy with bleeding feet was searching the dust for the husks of sunflower seeds, finding here and there a husk that had been spat out before the whole of the kernel had been chewed out of it. Each tiny scrap he put into his mouth."

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Mr. Frank Connes, of the Supreme Court of New York, was also a member of the Commission. He writes: "I have lived through the saddest month of my life in a land where God is denied and where the laughter of children is never heard. Our Commission estimate that ten millions are on the verge of starvation. Of these about 30 per cent. are moving about trying to discover food. The remainder of the population are strangely silent, and, with hope dead in their breasts, await the end. One starving woman asked me if we had food in America, and when I replied in the affirmative, she said, 'What kind of a God is it that gives food to America and none to little Russia?' Truly a poignant question. Another starving woman, touching each of her six children on the head, solemnly said, 'They are all mine. I brought them into the world, yet I hope the cholera will come quickly and take them, as I cannot bear to see them die little by little of starvation.'"

What kind of a *man* is it, who is content that there should be food in America and none in Russia? "The conditions under which they are living" writes a correspondent of *The Times*, "are appalling." The people who are moving about trying to find food, wait for days trying to get a train. "Their

only shelter consists of strips of rags stretched from poles to the sides of the carts in which they have transported themselves and their belongings into the town. Usually there is no protection from the sky whatever.

“In these uncouth tents the whole family is herded together—old men with emaciated bodies with eyes that scarcely are to be seen in their death’s heads of faces, women hardly able to step from one side of the shelter to the other, and children, innumerable children, sitting listlessly on the ground, too exhausted to move, to talk, or to play, and all the time they grow thinner and thinner; and some of them die, and the rest get ready to follow them. On their faces is absolute despair . . . they live like brutes; everything that is human in them is lost in this terrible, slow, public waiting for death. ‘One of my children died yesterday,’ says an old peasant woman without looking up, ‘another one died three days ago. We shall all die soon.’ . . . You can see any day in Samara or in the other towns of the famine region the corpses of men and women—perhaps I saw four or five every day in Samara during the time I was there—who had died of starvation, sometimes, as their dying struggles and groans showed, in terrible pain and the added agony of disease.”

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I quote from one after another, but it is always the same thing. I feel with Mr. Garvin who writes in to-day's *Observer*, "Let the Governments act, and if they will not, let our Government act alone!" And to you I say, take the worst criminal the world has ever produced, the most abandoned, depraved, horrible criminal; would you torture that man's child in order to coerce him? That is what we are doing by the million in Russia when we say we cannot help Russia because we do not approve of the Russian Government. It does not make it any better because we torture millions instead of one! "Kind-hearted people, who would perish rather than see a child die of starvation in your midst, it does not make any difference that it is happening across Europe in Russia and you cannot see, and they are dying not one by one, but by millions! Let us not be guilty of so great a sin as to have any other attitude or desire in this matter than to help. Let us forget our politics for a moment. Let us forget what Russia has done wrong. Let us remember that we also have done wrong, and "He who is the top of judgment, how should we stand if He but judged us as we are?" Let us, I repeat, not be guilty of so great a sin as to leave people to starve for a political theory; let us do our simple, human, ele-

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mentary duty and help those who die of hunger.

As Miss Jane Addams reminded us from the pulpit a fortnight ago,* to feed the hungry is the first instinct of merciful human nature, and thank God there is hardly a person living who would see his worst enemy starve before his face. Let us then act as we should do if we had these Russian children here with their pitiful little cry, "A little bit of bread. A little bit of bread." Thirty shillings, I am told—such is the value of English money in Russia—would keep a child alive during the winter. It is for the lives of children that I ask you to-night.

It is our custom here to talk while we take the collection. It is a pleasant custom, and I should be sorry if we ever gave it up; but no custom is always good. Let us take our collection to-night in silence, and as you put your money in, will you remember that it is a child's life that you may be saving. When the stewards bring me the money I know I shall feel as if they carry with them the lives of little children. Save as many as you can. Give even what you cannot afford. If you have not got enough here send it in during the week, and as we offer

*Sermon reprinted in Supplement to October *Church Militant*.

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our money in silence let us pray, let us speak to God instead of speaking to one another. Let us pray for Russia, that great suffering country ; and for our own country, that she, in spite of all her own difficulties, may do her duty in this matter : and for the world, that it may be saved from the greatest crime in history, the dereliction of a nation. Let us feel that to give money is sometimes sacramental.

DISARMAMENT AND THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

"Sirs, ye are brethren ; why do ye wrong one to another ?"—Acts vii, 26

TO many people, and certainly to myself, armaments are so much more a symptom than a disease that some of you may wonder why anyone should feel strongly about them. I want therefore to show if I can what the Washington Conference is going to mean to the world and why it seems to me so important that we should be interested in it and should care that it succeeds. I have always believed that when the nations have more confidence in one another, and more confidence in an International Court of Justice, like that set up by the League of Nations, they will cease to arm because they will feel that arms are no longer needed ; just as hundreds of years ago the men of this country used to wear swords, and gradually their swords fell from their sides and were no longer worn, because confidence in law and law courts grew to be so much an established part of their attitude towards life

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that it became positively ridiculous to wear a sword. Nobody would think of walking about wearing a sword nowadays. And I have felt here, in regard to the whole question of armaments, that although undoubtedly armaments do help to cause wars, they are far more the *effect* of a deep-seated attitude of fear and suspicion than the actual cause. They are a symptom rather than a disease; and so I have never been specially interested in that side of the preparation of the world for peace. I have felt that if you could get at the causes why men are afraid of each other, you need not trouble about the armaments; they would soon fall away.

It is precisely because the Washington Conference is to work along those lines that I desire so earnestly that British people should play their part in it and that it should succeed. We call it here a "Disarmament" Conference. It is not really that. It is a Conference to settle and get out of the way the causes which are likely to lead to war on either side of the Pacific Ocean, and following on that, and only when that is achieved,* to propose limitation of the naval armaments of the three great naval powers, Great Britain, Japan and the United States; because this

* America now proposes that the discussions should proceed side by side.

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problem in the Pacific Ocean is largely a naval problem, one which, if it is not settled, will lead to a naval war. Consequently, it is logical to say, first of all, let us see whether we cannot get rid of the cause that is likely to make war in the Pacific; and when we have achieved that, we can limit the naval armaments with which that war would have been carried on. You see it is a perfectly logical and common sense and limited proposition. It is not a suggestion that we should all lay down our arms at once. It is to my mind a logical way of going to work, to find out the cause of the trouble, to remove the cause, and then consider whether that particular form of armament, the naval armament, cannot be reduced.

Now what is the problem in the Pacific? It seems a long way from us, does it not? And I find a large number of people do not really know what the trouble is. Let me very briefly describe the causes that have led to the calling of this Conference.

The problem of the Pacific, the thing that is likely to lead to war, is said by some people to be China. I should rather say it is Japan, but it involves four great nations, Great Britain, the United States, Japan and China.

Take China first. In China there are 400 millions of human beings. The Chinese are

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by a great deal the most numerous race in the world. There are about 300 millions in India, there are 400 millions in China, and they are on the whole more homogeneous, more one people, than the peoples of India, who are really a number of nations. China is overcrowded, exceedingly rich but with undeveloped riches, appallingly poor in actual fact because its riches are undeveloped ; badly disorganised. There are said to be eighteen governments functioning in China at this moment. The people are hard-working, industrious, adaptable, very clever ; able to live on much less than any white working man, far less than any British working man ; able to live in almost any climate ; the most peaceful people on earth. I believe the Chinese is the only nation among whom it is held to be a dishonourable profession to be a soldier.

Now take Japan. Japan is much more like Great Britain as regards its actual problems. Roughly, Japan is about the size of Great Britain and Ireland. It has a slightly larger population, between 50 and 60 millions. The Japanese also are industrious, enduring, clever, able to live on exceedingly little, very rich, one of the creditor nations of the war, and, unlike China, very highly organised. Japan is overcrowded ; but when she looks round to see where she can go, she finds that Siberia

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is closed to her, that China is trying to get her out of Manchuria, that the Australians will not have her in Australia, the United States will not have her in California, Canada won't allow her in Canada. So far as they can, the owners of the vast undeveloped spaces of the earth are saying to Japan, You shall not come in. Because the Japanese, like the Chinese, can live on terribly little, and wherever they go they bring down the standard of the white worker. So Japan, with its overcrowded population, its wealth, its tremendous confidence in itself, its magnificently organised administration, looks round and cannot find anywhere where its people can find room.

Where does the United States come in? America, I should think, is probably, next to China, the most peaceful country in the world. She is perfectly safe, and even now, even in modern warfare, one can hardly imagine how any country would set about conquering the United States! She has no cause for fear. She has a very large population, but also an enormous area of country to live in, and she has all the room she wants. She has almost every natural product in the world within her own boundaries. America is not yet developed. She could carry a population of hundreds of millions, millions

more than she has now. She wants nothing, she is afraid of nothing. What is her part in this problem? Honestly, I believe America is primarily moved by a great ideal. She knows that she is now materially the greatest country in the world. She is far the richest. She is increasing her population very rapidly. She has nothing to fear. She could out-build and out-arm any country in the world if she chose. It is true that she is staggering a little under war taxation, and I think there is undoubtedly—I do not see any reason to deny it—a strong business element in this move for the limitation of armaments.

The peaceful American business man does not see why he should be taxed so heavily for armaments for which he does not feel any particular need. But I believe that there is besides that a real sense of responsibility. With all our faults, we English people have, I think, often been steadied by the knowledge of our own greatness (though sometimes it has gone to our heads like wine). There have been times in our history when the knowledge of our power did make us greater than ourselves; and something of that feeling I think is pervading America. The very knowledge that they have nothing to fear, that they are humanly speaking impregnable, that they are rich and happy and prosperous, makes America

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desire to give a lead to the world. And then, of course, there is the desire for trade. There is this vast market in the East—China with its teeming millions. America wants to trade with China. She asks that China shall keep an open door, that everyone shall be allowed to trade there. And so she is up against Japan, which wants to make a monopoly in China.

You see now how the trouble begins. Japan wants to make a monopoly in China, America wants the open door. And now what about ourselves? Well, we too do not want very much. We have got space enough, God knows, in our Empire that we cannot fill. We have got a very great navy. That is where we come in, you see. If America and Japan go to war over China, it will be a naval war and the owner of the greatest navy in the world cannot be counted out. That is where Great Britain comes in. She has an old alliance with Japan. If there is trouble between Japan and America, which side is that great navy of ours going to be on? At first sight, of course, it seems absurd, a quarrel between Japan and America, with all her power and wealth, Japan being a tiny place compared with America. But, you see, America would have to fight across the Pacific Ocean, Japan would be fighting in her

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own waters—she is just across the sea from China and Manchuria—but America would have to send her fleet 3,000 miles across the sea, and consequently a fight between the two would not be so unequal as it seems at first. It might turn out to be very equal. Japan has got her victim within reach of her hand almost! China is just across the way. But America would have to fight across the ocean from her base, and it makes the two from a naval point of view much more nearly equal. So here Great Britain comes in, with her great fleet and Japanese Alliance, her feeling of brotherhood almost, certainly cousinhood, with the United States, her need for Eastern markets, and her desire to escape from the burden of armaments.

The thing that strikes me about it all is this: nobody is really asking for anything that they ought not to have. If you will try to think yourself into the place of any of these nations, there is in the first instance nothing wrong in what they ask. Is it not fair that China should govern her own country? Is it not fair that America should be allowed to trade wherever she can get her trade in—yes, and Great Britain too? But is it not also fair that when the great spaces of the world are unpeopled we should not say to a young, crowded, growing

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race, You shall not come in to all those spaces ?

I want to emphasise that point, because I find a growing feeling, not only in you and in most people, but also in my own thought, against militarist Japan. Why is Japan militarist ? " Oh, because she is so wicked ! " It is easy to say that ; it is what we are apt to say about everyone who is troublesome. Well, we have all some original sin in us, but look at the proposition. The world is full of vast empty spaces ; in some of them the white man cannot live : is it within the bounds of reason to say to a rapidly growing people, You shall not move out of the borders of your own little cramped island ; these empty spaces must remain empty because we are afraid of you and your competition ?

I sometimes feel that the world is like a great house into which some large family has just moved, and nobody has decided who shall live in which rooms ; and the first person who gets in takes the best room, and says he will murder anybody who tries to take that room away from him. Or perhaps somebody gets into a beautiful room with a South aspect, though he does not like a South aspect and blocks up the windows ; but he won't let anyone who does like a South aspect have that room. There is another

room that has a lovely view occupied by a person who always keeps the blinds down : he does not care for the lovely view, but he won't let anybody else have it, because he got there first. Or perhaps there is a lovely garden, and someone gets possession of it who can't garden : but he won't let the gardeners come in, though he himself does not know how to grow anything at all. Perhaps there are little children in that house who, when they first come into the world live in the nursery together, but when they grow up ask for a room to themselves ; and the older ones say, Let them stay babies, they mustn't grow up, because there isn't room for them, and it's very inconvenient. They were born small, let them stay small !

Is not the world situation rather like that ? Here are four nations asking for room, space, light, food, and there is no one to judge what is really just for them, as a father or a mother would do ; no one asking how we can share out this great world in which we live, how we can arrange so that there shall not be people cramped in part of it ; but that everybody shall have room to grow according to his legitimate desires. It is legitimate to grow, remember, to want greater responsibilities, to want food when you are hungry, and work when unemployed : all these things

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are perfectly right. For what reason do we make them into causes of war? People speak as though expansion *must* cause war! Why? The world is large enough for us all. The world is not yet half full, and even where it seems to be crowded, under proper conditions more food could be grown, so fertile is the soil. Science is teaching us how to wrest new wealth from the soil, so that a nation may perhaps live in a smaller place than it used to believe to be possible.

We have the power in our hands to adapt the world to our needs. Let us never forget that glorious saying on which Huxley, I believe, once wanted to preach a sermon: "The heavens are the Lord's; *the earth hath He given to the children of men.*" This earth is so full of wealth and undeveloped power and great spaces that there is room for all the nations. They are members of one household, children of one family, and should help one another in meeting any difficulties that arise. If only we could realise that God has "made of one blood all nations of men to dwell upon the face of the earth," so that though some may be young and backward, and some poor, and some not highly developed, they still are all one family, living in the world which God has given us for our home! "Sirs, ye are brethren, why do ye wrong one to

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another?" It is the law of God that the nations of the earth are brethren, and that law we cannot escape. What we can do is to act as though it were not true; but when we do so, we are defying the law of our being and bringing death and destruction into the world.

If your children were to begin to act as though they were not brothers and sisters, if they began to fight one another for possession of the good things in their home, it would not prevent them from being brothers and sisters; it would only destroy their home. On what a scale have we destroyed the home which God gave us to dwell in! This beautiful world, how we have torn it to pieces, because we will not admit that we are all children of the same Father. But the fact remains that we are so, that we have to live in this home of ours, and all we can do by defying it and denying it, is to destroy the home in which we live, because we will not share, because we force each other into fear and suspicion, and destroy the beauty and the wealth and the food that we ought to have. We destroy it rather than share it. Is it not senseless?

If we would realise this, realise what we are paying at this moment in blood and sweat for refusing to admit that we are all one

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family, and that this world is our home which we should share with one another—if we could realise it, surely nothing would seem sufficient cause for such a horror as war. We could make the world produce a thousand-fold what it is producing now; it might be possible for millions to live in those little Japanese islands in wealth and prosperity, if we would give science its head to make the earth what the earth should be. But instead we spend millions in blowing it to pieces. For the greater part of our national revenues, even in the peace-loving countries, as we think, of England and America, goes to preparing for war or paying for past wars. In Britain 64 per cent. of all the taxes that you and I pay goes to pay for past wars or future wars. And do you know the reason why it is such a little sum—only two-thirds, that is all—do you know why? Because we are ungrateful to the men who fought our battles. If we had rewarded them, if we had remembered them, on the scale that America has done, it would not be two-thirds of our revenue that went to pay for past and future wars; it would be more like nine-tenths. In America 93 per cent. of taxation goes to pay for past and future wars; 7 per cent. is left to advance the cause of education, to build the homes of the poor, to create a

nobler and a better race: 93 per cent.—it is almost unbelievable—goes to pay the debts of former wars and to prepare for coming wars. That is the price nations pay for refusing to admit that all men are brothers!

And when we are poor and unemployed and diseased, we talk about the will of God that imposes these things upon us! There are people here who write to me that they are out of work, or their friends are out of work, and how can God allow it to happen? How is it that *we* allow it to happen, who spend our money in blowing the world to pieces, and then ask one another why we are so poor? And it is only because we are ungrateful to the soldiers that we have got as much money as we have! If we paid our debts to them we should have still less. It is a mean kind of choice, is it not, to reduce our war-taxation from 93 per cent. to 64 per cent. by forgetting those who died for us! And this is what we have to pay for making the world a battlefield, when God meant it to be our home.

Christ often talked about the Kingdom of God, but never about the King. There is not any king in that Kingdom of God; only a Father; and the Kingdom of God is not a battlefield, it is a home. Is it not true of this world, as of heaven, "In my Father's

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house are many mansions ; if it were not so I would have told you " ? You cannot look at the map with just and Christian eyes and not see why the world is preparing for another war. You cannot look at the map of the Pacific, China, Japan, Australia, Canada, America, and not see that if we chose we could remove these difficulties and make it seem mad to talk of preparing for war. Well, they are going to look at the map in Washington during the next two or three weeks.

For God's sake, those of you who believe in God, for humanity's sake, those of you who can only believe—and it is much after all—in the God in man, send all your prayers and all your thoughts to those statesmen who, for the first time in history, have seen the coming of strife from afar off and have set to work to try to remove the cause of it, instead of waiting till the last hour, when hatred is so inflamed, and fear so agonising that to remove it has become impossible. If they succeed, America will not proceed with her great ship-building programme. Already she has delayed it—give her credit for that good faith. She is building nothing indeed, except two ships that were nearly completed. All the rest have been held up to see what comes of this Washington Conference. We have gone forward with our building, but

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surely, if this great cause of naval war is removed, not only shall we be able to limit the growth of our navy, but all the world will look up in hope and thank God that after all it is a practicable thing that armaments should be first limited and at last disused.

The spirit of man grows too mighty for the prison-house of suspicion and fear in which he has imprisoned himself. He cannot raise himself to the height of his stature while his limbs are cramped in the armour of hatred ; he suffocates in the atmosphere of continual suspicion. That will be a sublime moment, and that indeed a divine voice, from whatever statesman it proceeds, which shall say to cramped and stifled Humanity at last, " Loose him, and let him go ! "

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I SHALL take for my text to-night the words of Christ in St. John's Gospel, xvii, 15. "*I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil.*" The question of party politics is rather a live one just now because of the possible approach of a General Election, and the receding memory of the war. We are realising that party government and party politics are still a reality; that the war has not taught us any better method of governing the country. I suppose that for most of us there is a certain revulsion of feeling when we read these speeches by party leaders with their ancient hoary recurrences of personal attack and stabs in the back; and one begins to realise that we are getting back very quickly indeed into the atmosphere of party government that prevailed before the war. That politics are "a dirty game" was one of the reasons given why women should not take part in them. And certainly politics are apt to be a dirty game. I feel over and over again that you, like myself, must be

horrified at the ease with which we accept the tergiversation of the public man, the poltroonery, the forgetfulness, the betrayal to which public opinion has become so accustomed that when you speak about political standards, and political honour, people laugh. There is no easier way of raising a laugh. The honourable example of Mr. Austen Chamberlain in his attitude towards the granting of freedom towards South Africa is only too startlingly rare. Politicians do not make mistakes apparently, and when they change their minds nobody is to remind them of it. Politics are, I think I will not say "might be," but *are* a dirty game. •

Yet what alternative have you? How are you going to govern the country on democratic lines except by the government of a majority? I think I see the possibility of a better way, but I am quite ready to admit that we are not in the least ready for it, and that party government is a method for which it is possible to make a reasonable and convincing defence.

Burke's defence of Party Government is difficult to refute, and is very convincing. It is, after all, 'or might be, a great school of public virtue. People easily sneer at those who compromise with their conscience, because anyone who joins any political party

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finds that they have to put up with something they do not like. But they will also learn, if they can, to distinguish between what is essential and what is non-essential. That is the faculty of working with other people, which makes you able to see that certain things are principles which must hold, and certain other things are not fundamental, and therefore you can give way about them.

To have this faculty is quite essential, especially to those who are thinking of entering public life, or, indeed, to anyone who has or will have the opportunity of voting. You will find that, whatever you do in life, you must work with other people if you are to achieve anything, and if you work with other people you will never find that every single thing that you think right is going to seem right to them also. You will have to yield on certain points, or else you must be prepared to work absolutely alone; and, in that case, you are practically useless. You must distinguish between essentials and non-essentials. I think that is the whole difference between the crank and the reformer. The crank will not abate one jot of what he holds to be the right; but the reformer will only insist on that which is essential. It is the difference between the prig and the

saint! It is the saint and the statesman who are able to see what is essential, and to keep to that only. It is the crank and the prig who makes every fancy of his imagination a matter of conscience, who is always talking about principles, who cannot work with any other person. He thinks it is because he is too good. It is really because he has not got the power of distinguishing between what is fundamental and what is not. We must learn to respect those who disagree with us, and to work with them. We need to ask ourselves whether we are giving away what is essential, or whether we are making a mountain out of a molehill. It is a continual discipline, believe me. It demands that a man shall, for his party, sink what is non-essential, and work together with other people if they are agreed on the fundamentals.

Burke is right—party politics can be a great school of public virtue. It can eliminate from public life the impossible person, the person who is always unable to distinguish between great and little things; and it can educate the citizen to distinguish between the good man and the prig. The prig is always being shocked at everything; the saint is never really shocked. He may be horrified; he may be disgusted. But could you ever

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say of our Lord that He was shocked? It is that power of distinguishing between the great and little things which our public life—even party life—ought to be teaching us. Why does it not? Why is it, in fact, a dirty business?

Well, I think it is partly because the stakes are very great, and the ideals in themselves are very high. People do not always realise that it is quite easy to be honest if you have never claimed to be an idealist! Compare commercial with political morality. The man of business does not set out to be an idealist. He is quite frankly conducting his business for profit. It is not extraordinarily difficult to be honest about your ideals when your ideals are that you shall conduct a profitable business! But in politics you are supposed not to be there for your own interest. You are supposed to be serving your country. You are expected to serve the world. Consequently hypocrisy is the natural temptation of the politician whose very position demands that he should have great aims.

How easily in public life loyalty becomes a vice—loyalty to one's party! How many crimes have been committed in its name! The essential thing is held to be to do nothing that shall give your party any uneasiness. Round the party politician there is thrown

a kind of rampart of protection so that his errors are slurred over, so that the Press who represent his side never allude to his mistakes, so that letters of criticism that would appear against him are suppressed. And it is extraordinarily difficult to live in that kind of atmosphere, to be always protected from the consequence of your own mistakes for fear it might injure the party. You get the idea that the people who oppose you—those strange, howling beasts on the circumference of your little circle—do so because they are wicked, or foolish, or cranks ; and you in the centre with your little mob round you can hardly see them for the incense that rises up around you. The little circle that surrounds the party leader is, to a large extent, responsible for the extraordinary assumption of infallibility and for that freedom from criticism which is so disastrous to the party leader.

So far as I can see, this danger is increasing to-day ; and that is partly why I was anxious to speak on this subject. In England there have been for generations now two great parties. The opposition has been clear cut. It has been a difference of real principle. But that has not been the case on the Continent, and it has not been the case in America. In most Continental countries the difference

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is not between two parties, but between a large number of groups. And in America, although there are two great parties the difference between them is really very small. The difference between the Republican and the Democrat in America is so small that it does not at all compare with the deep cleavage which has marked English politics as between Liberals and Conservatives.

Well, whatever the reason, what has been the case in England, is now I think, disappearing. There is to-day a confusion of parties. There are to-day, not Conservative and Liberal only, but Conservative and Coalition Liberal, Independent Liberal, Radical, Labour, Independent Labour, and Communist. There are a number of groups, and a shading off of principles. Now that creates a danger and for this reason. When you have two clear-cut principles, then you can fight on a principle, but when principles become confused, then you begin to fight on personalities. To some extent, at least, the corruption of American political life has been due to the fact that there was no clear-cut principle between them, and consequently political life has been often a merely personal quarrel. We can see already how that is beginning in our own country.

Instead of having great principles at issue,

you have conflicting leaders and conflicting personalities. Why are you opposed to the man on the other side? Because he is a wicked man! That is the only possible answer. You cannot say that he is wrong, because his position is so near to your own. And because he does not seem wicked to the ordinary world, you say that he is a hypocrite as well! And there you have the reason why so low a level has been reached in American political life, for instance. And that is what I dread to see in England to-day, especially when women are entering the arena. We must remember that this is going to be a real difficulty. How are we to act? Many of us are on the brink of political life. Some in this congregation have not voted yet, and some will not vote for a few years; but almost all of us will vote some day. What are we to do? Are we to join a party? I am inclined to say if you can join a party do join it. It is very difficult to achieve anything by yourself; it does mean almost certain ineffectiveness. Unless honesty forbids you to join any party, it is better to do so, but do not be a slave to it. Do not accept the preposterous tradition that men and women have no right to exercise their own judgment if they join a party. To fight, or to work against your party candidate is, indeed, to

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provoke the taunt of disloyalty ; it may injure your party. But never to do so, and to assume that you cannot do so because you have joined a party, is to destroy the possibility of honesty in public life.

Your leaders should be men of the highest standards, and should most earnestly desire to do what is right. We women are sometimes criticised for being too personal in our views. We are told that we should bring too personal an element into politics. But I am not quite sure that that would not be a good thing. I believe that women may bring something into our political life which is, I do not dream of saying, better than a man can bring into it, but something which will have that shade of difference which will enable us to focus our sight more perfectly. I believe that the entire disregard, or almost entire disregard of the moral character of the man whom you are going to send to Parliament has not done Parliament any good, and if women will be a little more "personal" in that sense, and will have the courage of their convictions, they will help to raise the moral standards of political life.

Our Lord laid tremendous emphasis on the value of personality. Should not we do so also ? If I found myself in the constituency of Hitchin, no one could persuade me to vote

against Lord Robert Cecil though I belong to the Labour Party. And if Miss Margaret Bondfield decided to stand for a constituency, had my political views been otherwise, I should certainly vote for her. And if Lady Astor stood I should vote for her. I believe such people as these, by the honesty of their purpose, and their entire freedom from ambition, do Parliament good by being there. I see that Mr. Churchill the other day taunted Lord Robert Cecil with having "divested himself from all support." That is a glorious compliment! Such a man ought to be in Parliament whatever party he represents! I trust that people will take courage, and bring this spirit into political life more than they have done in the past. Then the personal element will not be a loss but a gain: not an increase in personal attacks but a raising of personal honour.

Let us expect more of politicians! I spoke just now of the ease with which one raised a cheap laugh at politicians. But is it not disgusting? Sometimes when I hear the ready way in which people laugh at political pledges and honour, I have a sense of disgust in my mind that we should think it funny that a man who carries the destiny of our country in his hands and not of our own country only, but of all that she touches, should be

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one whose honour it is so easy to sneer at. I sometimes wonder whether the cynicism of the politicians is not partly due to the cynicism of the electors. We do not expect enough of the men we send to Parliament. They might perhaps respond if we asked of them more. It is a great saying that for every man "his friends are the theatre of his actions, and happy is that man whose theatre demands his best." But how little most of us expect of our representatives. We ought to expect more; we ought to demand more. We should be more willing to applaud those who do right even when they do not belong to our own party, and we should be more willing to condemn those who do wrong even when they do belong to our own party.

Let it be seen that you expect something noble of the man on whom you place so great a responsibility, and that will make for a higher standard and a greater nobility, and make party politics what it should be, a school of public virtue. And, above all, for ourselves, let us remember our Lord's words, "*I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil.*" Do not let anyone frighten you into abandoning the responsibility you have for your country by telling you that politics are a dirty business. Politics are

dirty—yes—but whose fault is that? Ours just as much as anybody else's. "*I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil.*" To keep out of the battle and the danger—that is never Christ's prayer for His disciples. And if politics are a dirty game, if, in entering into political life, you run the risk of losing your own ideals, of shaking your faith in human nature, and sustaining all those wounds which must come to the fighter, that is no reason why you should keep out of it. "He who can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfaring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat."

THE CARE OF THE INSANE

MY sermon to-night is on our responsibility towards those who are mentally deranged, and my text is the 24th verse of the 8th chapter of the Epistle to the Romans: "We are saved by hope." Or, as the Revised Version has it, "We were saved by hope."

I do not think I ever realised quite so urgently why hope was a Christian virtue until this agitation arose, first of all about the treatment of our shell-shocked soldiers in the asylums, and secondly, and following upon that, an agitation about the treatment of all people in our country who are of unsound mind. No virtue counts so much in this problem as the virtue of hope—or, perhaps one other is needed as much, and that is courage.

Some of you will have read that wonderful modern version of the incident from St. Luke, in which the writer suggests that what was really the matter with the demoniac in the Gospel, and with the people who tried to deal with him, was that they were terrified of one another; and that the reason why our Lord was able to bring this man to his right

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mind was simply that He loved him so much that He never even thought of being afraid of him. • The writer goes on to suggest that while this miracle was being worked, and the people were watching it, a herd of swine that was pasturing there began to wander dangerously near to the precipice that led down to the sea. Then some in alarm began to chase them about, and, as often happens, the more they chased them the more dangerous their position got, until at last they rushed over the edge into the sea. 'And our Lord, turning round, said: "It is the same spirit that has destroyed the swine!"—the spirit of fear.

And the root of our failure in this case of our responsibility towards the most hopeless and tragic of all suffering people has been our lack of courage and our lack of hope.

Recently there has been a considerable agitation about the way in which the mentally unsound are treated in our asylums. I do not propose to dwell at length on the worst of these accusations. They range from mere indifference to actually brutal and horrible treatment. But it is extraordinarily difficult for anyone who is in no sense an expert to vouch for the truth of any one particular statement. What, however, is to me rather terrible is the *unanimity* of these accusations.

I am told on good medical authority that the memory of a patient who has been out of his mind, but is now sound again, is quite as trustworthy as that of any person who has never been deranged. Therefore one must not dismiss his complaints as the complaints of one who can have no clear recollection of what happened to him. And when we get so great a body of evidence so strikingly alike from people quite independent of one another, not from the same asylum, and not knowing the evidence each has given, evidence both from attendants and from the patients themselves, I cannot resist the belief that there is an indubitable case for the closest inquiry.

. Well, what ought we to demand? We ought to demand that the system under which the mentally deranged are bound to come should be more open to the day, more deliberate in its operation, more scrupulously and meticulously careful of the rights of these most helpless people, than perhaps any other system dealing with any other section of the community. We cannot judge from the inside, but this we do know, that there are no people on earth so absolutely helpless as the insane. Just try to realise for a moment what their helplessness really means. If a person is suffering from neglect, or from actual ill-treatment in an asylum, what can he do?

He can complain. His complaint inevitably involves either the nurses or attendants, or the doctors, or some person or body of people who are sane. Now you see the difficulty. It is the word of the insane person against the word of the sane. How intolerably difficult for such a man to make his case good ! How can we be too careful of the rights of a person who is in such a position ? And when you know that it is a common delusion of the mentally unsound to believe that they are the victims of a conspiracy—though, upon my word, I begin to wonder whether it is such a common *delusion* as I had supposed !—at any rate it is a recognised form of madness to believe that one is surrounded by enemies—how easy it is to induce anyone to believe that the complaint is due to a delusion !

Let us look, then, at the system. I do not want to denounce any person. I want to lay before you the weak points in the system which people are expected to work.

First of all, there is the surprising ease with which a person may be certified a lunatic. There are different ways, but the commonest, apparently, is one which was really intended by the law only for emergency. In a case of urgency a lunatic may be certified on the petition of one relation on one medical certificate. The deplorable fact is that this

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urgency method is used very frequently when there is no real urgency. It is true it only holds for seven days, but consider the damaged position of the patient who is already certified, even under an emergency order. It is almost impossible not to be biassed by the fact that he has already been certified. Therefore this procedure should not be used except in cases of real urgency. But in fact, its use is quite common.

Then—an amazing fact to me—this certificate may be signed by a medical man who is not only not an expert in mental diseases, but who actually very often knows exceedingly little about insanity at all. Dr. Lomax tells us that the ignorance of the average general practitioner about this particular form of human suffering is “notorious.” And I do not think he goes too far when I learn that about six certificates a week are returned as having been improperly filled up or not having given sufficient ground for the detention of the alleged lunatic. You may say that shows how careful people are about these certificates, but surely it shows an extraordinary degree of ignorance in those who signed the certificates that so large a number have to be cancelled afterwards. Some of the reasons given for detaining people are quite comic. One certificate was signed on

the grounds that the patient "believed that he had large feet!" Well, as a matter of fact, what he really believed was that he had feet yards and yards long, but the Commissioners were obliged to point out to the signatory that it was not enough to prove a person insane that he believed he had large feet. It might be a proof of sanity! They suggested that the addition must be made—"the same being untrue." Delighted with this phrase, the same doctor later sent a certificate in which somebody was alleged to be mad because he had affirmed that the doctor "was an old fool—the same being untrue!" Suggestions which come even more home to me, and I think possibly to some of you, are that someone was alleged to be insane because he "worried people with accusations of selling food contrary to the regulations then in force, and occupied himself energetically with public questions, such as Women Suffrage, and Peace." "These were in themselves," adds Lord Haldane, quoted in this particular judgment, "things which a perfectly sane person might have done but are not irrelevant in the context"!

Yet I learn that if one is wrongly certified, if one really has got big feet, or if the doctor really is an old fool, no action lies against him. There is practically no remedy at law

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against those who are responsible for wrongful or negligent certification. That a person should have no remedy for an injury so great surely suggests the most lamentable indifference to the interests of very helpless people.

The question of their helplessness again comes up when a patient asks to be discharged. The question of his discharge lies almost entirely in the hands of the Medical Superintendent of the Asylum, and the petitioner at whose request he was certified. And there comes in the question of fear. The Medical Superintendent is afraid for his reputation. If he discharges the patient, and the patient breaks down, he will be blamed. The petitioner, the family, the relatives are perhaps afraid too. Is it too much to say that the public are afraid also, and that very few of us have the courage that our Lord showed when He was dealing with those of unsound mind, when He loved them so much that He forgot to be afraid?

Then again, the Medical Superintendent is very busy; he is the chief executive officer of the Asylum; he has a thousand things to do besides the medical work, which, for reasons not wholly discreditable to himself, appears to be the last thing with which he concerns himself. The actual administration

of the executive work of the asylum seems to interest him more, so that he really often knows very little about that pitiful being who comes to him to induce him to run the risk of a discharge.

There is also the mournful truth that very often the patient goes rapidly down-hill when in the asylum, so that if he ought not to have been certified in the first instance he himself perhaps seems to endorse the justice of what was unjustly done, because the awful depression, the perhaps almost inevitable horror of his surroundings, thrust him over that border which he might never have crossed had he not been sent to so despairing a place. "All hope abandon, ye who enter here," seems to be the motto which both law and custom have set over the insane asylum.

Why is this? Why is there this atmosphere of despair in the asylum? Because it is not a hospital, it is a prison; and these are not patients, they are convicts. In the law there is no suggestion, so far as one can discover, that these people are sent here as other patients to an ordinary hospital to be healed. They are sent to protect them against themselves and to protect the public, but not to enable them to recover their mental health without delay and in the most humane conditions possible. "On this point," says

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Dr. Lomax, "as far as I can discover the law is absolutely silent." The law desires to protect the patient against himself. That is right. To protect the public against him. That is right also. But surely for Christians, with the example of our Lord before us, the first consideration should be the healing of the sufferer. To us it is not possible to think of a mental hospital as a prison; and yet the more one learns of them the more prison-like they become, and the more hopeless it seems, in the majority of cases, for people to be cured there. This almost unanimous testimony is supported by the fact of the declining discharge rate. In this world, where medicine and surgery alike are going forward with such strides, where we are beginning to think that we know something even of the derangement of the human mind, where we attempt, at least, to "minister to the mind diseased and pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow," in this world of progress the rate of discharges from insane asylums is not going up, but down. And it is concealed from us—I can only use the word "concealed," for, as a correspondent writes, "It is worth noticing that the statistics of cure from asylums are based on the annual admissions, not on the total number of inmates, and this turns a discharge rate of 7 per cent.

into an apparent one of 32 per cent. On the other hand, the deaths are not so calculated. They are calculated on the other basis, and therefore appear to be about 8 per cent. This seems to me ingenious but misleading." Most ingenious and abominably misleading!

To what is all this due, after all, but the absence of that great virtue of Hope? All the faults in the asylums seem to me due to the utter absence of any real expectation that these people will recover far more than to the deliberate wickedness or cruelty of human beings. Why should you sacrifice very much, either in money, skill, or care, for those who are damaged in any case beyond recovery? And to this cause I attribute the absence of any attempt to relieve the sufferings and to heal the malady of the insane patient. Dr. Lomax describes the condition of those who come into an asylum and are put into a ward with those already incarcerated. "The inmates," he says, "are sitting about on benches or walking rapidly to and fro in the ward. Some are shouting, gesticulating, jostling and occasionally cursing their neighbours, a few are reading the papers, a few more are quietly conversing together. But the majority are sprawling on the benches, some lying, some sitting, silent, moody, and sullen. One

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patient is rocking himself rhythmically from side to side in a stereotyped mechanical fashion which he may keep up for hours . . . the ward contains, in fact, a mixture of most forms of (non-acute) insanity. Here are the victims of fixed 'delusions,' the commonest of all forms of insanity and one that accounts for an eighth part of all inmates of asylums: the victims of auditory and visual 'hallucinations,' who 'hear voices,' and 'see visions,' and who may be at times violently homicidal or suicidal, or again quite well-behaved, and, except for their particular 'delusion,' quiet and rational members of the community. Here again are cases of incipient general paralysis of the insane, that fell disease, due always to syphilitic infection, which attacks men chiefly in the prime of life, and often in the plenitude of strength and intellectual power, but which sooner or later, and usually within four or five years, has a fatal termination. Mixed with these are to be seen cases of confusional insanity, melancholia, dementia in all its forms, a dozen or more epileptics, and a sprinkling of imbeciles or congenital mental defectives. In fact, except for the absence of those suffering from acute mania, the general paralytics who are in too advanced a stage of illness to be up and about, and the senile

dements who form so large a proportion of all asylum populations, most forms of insanity, except for the most violent and unruly type, are represented in this ward, and even some of the latter are not wanting. It is not a pleasing spectacle, though one gets used to it in time, as one gets used to much that is wearisome and even repulsive when it is part of one's daily work."

And then Dr. Lomax describes a peculiar form of punishment—nobody could call it a *treatment*, I suppose—reserved for those patients who are most troublesome, and he points out that among those who are most troublesome, and often rather horrible, there may be put someone who is supposed to be suicidal. Such an one may be educated, refined, sensitive. I heard of a woman only the other day, of education and refinement, but who had to support herself, and who therefore, when she tried to commit suicide (from great grief connected with the loss of her husband and children) and was certified as insane, became what we call a "pauper," and was put into a "pauper asylum." This was the sort of way in which she passed her day because, though harmless, she was "suicidal": "Here, perhaps, are a dozen or more of the worst cases in the ward. Behind the table they sit all day, with their

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backs to the wall, and only leave their place to satisfy the calls of nature. In front of them is an attendant always on duty. They have no amusement, no exercise, no employment. Many of them, indeed, are incapable of amusement or employment, and only suffer from the confinement and want of exercise. But the majority suffer from the privation of all three. Yet not even for meals do they change their places or surroundings. The speech of these patients is often obscene and blasphemous, their habits quarrelsome and filthy, their persons dirty and malodorous. Bestialised, apathetic, mutinous, greedy, malevolent—often quarrelling fiercely with each other, at meal times snatching away each other's food or spitting into each other's places—they sit all day in their miserable corner, at once the most damning indictment and the most degrading example of our 'humane and scientific' treatment of the pauper lunatic. Here is a patient newly admitted, strange to and probably fearful of his surroundings, haunted possibly by unseen terrors, a prey to dejection and remorse, and by way of helping him to recover his mental poise and emotional equilibrium he is put with a filthy and ribald crew of chronic lunatics 'behind-the-table.' Truly a marvellous way of 'ministering to a mind diseased.'

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A most scientific method of 'plucking out the memory of a rooted sorrow!' " Do you wonder 'that the patients who are certified as urgency cases for seven days go rapidly down-hill and apparently justify those who certified them when these are the surroundings into which they are thrust?

When I was in Scotland last week—and I believe in many ways Scotch asylums are better than ours—my hostess went to see a woman who was in such a place, to try to get her out. She came back white and shaking with horror at the surroundings into which this unhappy woman of education and refinement was put. She was able to rescue and get her out, but neither of us felt we could sleep that night for thinking of the horrors with which she was surrounded.

Then the worse cases, those who are perhaps violent, may be put into a "single cell." There they are left. The law says that no cell containing a single patient shall be locked. And it is not locked: it is merely fastened on the outside! This patient may be suffering from claustrophobia, that is, the terror of confined spaces, and he may be put into that solitary cell, in that confined space, which is his terror, without even a medical order. The attendant generally reports it to the Medical Superintendent, but there is nothing in the

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law to protect the patient, and he can be, and is "secluded" without a medical order.

And all this is done because we have so little hope of healing that we do not want to waste our money on better-built asylums, or more attendants, or better salaries for doctors and nurses.

There is scarcely any provision for the physical treatment of the mentally deranged. As for operations, I am told they simply "are not done" in most asylums. It does not matter what the patients suffer, since nothing can be made of them! And yet, we, who realise how closely together are knit the mind and body, must realise how often the mentally deranged will be the physically suffering also. The neglect of that suffering, the feeling that they are not *worth* mending, must sap and undermine the self-respect of patients, though self-respect is the very thing that they must recover, if they are to recover at all. To recover them from despair, fear, self-contempt, should be the first desideratum of the treatment of the insane. But all this is too expensive for people who have no hope. And I believe that is the reason, and no other, why the Medical Superintendent prefers any of his duties to his medical duties. That is the reason why the asylum doctor is not the head of his profession; why the asylum nurses

and attendants are not the cream of all nurses and attendants, but rather have a lower status than the others. Who cares to be merely a jailer? What man of science cares to look after those for whom so little is to be done? I see well why doctors do not regard the care of the insane as the Blue Ribbon of their profession, as in my foolish ignorance I took it for granted they would. It seemed to me that since it is the mind that makes man sovereign, and it is in his intellect that he is king, to minister to a mind diseased must be the very crown of that great profession: that no one but the greatest and best and most skilled, would dream of taking up this work. It seemed to me that the nurse ~~who~~ looked after the body would be of small skill compared with the nurse who attended to the stricken mind: that such nurses must go through a long training in a general hospital before they would dare to become the nurses or attendants of those who are stricken in the very human part of them, there, where they are kings.

Those who know the facts will laugh at me for being such a fool. With some brilliant exceptions the asylum-doctor is the least respected, and his status is the lowest. There are exceptions, but, generally speaking, the status of the man who ministers to the

diseased mind is lower than that of other physicians. His treatment is worse, his salary lower, his prospects poorer, than "those of other doctors. As for the nurse, who I imagined was highly trained, she or he need have no training at all. In some asylums it seems to be preferred that they should not be trained! You can get a girl of eighteen taken into an asylum when no other hospital would take her. Nor is she a "probationer." Without anything demanded from her, she is set to look after the people whom I have here described to you. Not only for their sakes, but for hers, it is inhuman that any girl of such an age should be put into such a place. Yet so it is. And this profession, which requires God knows what pity, what sympathy, what discipline and training, what an infinite understanding of human misery and human limitations, this is the profession into which people may go without training at all, or, if they get any training, it is not included as part of their work. Just think how hard it must be to be patient with such as I have described to you; you, who, when you are a little tired, find the people you love get on your nerves; when you are discouraged easily become irritable even with people who love you and desire to serve you. And think of untrained men and women put to guard such

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as these, with their intolerable sorrows, with their demands on one's wisdom, one's self-control, 'one's pity. Who is sufficient for these things? In the eyes of this country any one is sufficient for them. Any one may look after the insane.

I believe we can do better. We can do infinitely more than we have realised. We can let the light into these mournful places. We can see that, so far as the system goes, it should be perfect. We can insist that the asylum doctor should be the best and not the worst treated of his profession; paid the most, given the most, as from him we expect the most. That the nurses and attendants should be highly trained; that no one should go into an asylum who has not had a proper training in a general hospital. This seems to me the A.B.C. of reform. How can we expect that such a system as the present should fail to work harshly, in some places at least?

Then, again, is it permissible that people should make money, that it should be to their financial interest, to detain anyone in an asylum? For my part I should like to suggest that, ultimately, there should be no private asylums at all. For it is an awful thing that it should become the financial interest of a person to keep anyone insane. God forbid I should say that all doctors who

keep these private hospitals are moved by that financial interest. Indeed, as things are, the shining exceptions among asylums are private ones. All I say is that, when we are dealing with people who are tragically helpless we must be *more* than careful, *more* than scrupulous not to allow it to be the financial interest of a person to keep a patient in a hospital who cannot discharge himself. It is not that anyone would deny that there are good, or perhaps ideal, asylums. I have seen at least two which seem to me penetrated with the sense of compassion, and indeed, what is more important, with the spirit of hope: into which all the skill and science which we can command—perhaps it is not yet much in connection with mental diseases, but it is something—were being poured. But that is not enough. We ought to ensure that the system itself makes it impossible for anyone who is cruel, or indifferent, or apathetic, to find a place in it. It is the system, I repeat, that we must see reformed.

How can we get this done? Well, to begin with, we can and must demand an inquiry. And all these accusations become more impressive when we find how the demand for an inquiry is met. In the Report of the Board of Control there is an amazing account of an inquiry which was held in the interests of the

shell-shocked soldiers, many of whom should never have been in an asylum at all, but in a mental hospital. So much indignation was aroused about the treatment of these soldiers that a special inquiry into the conditions of treatment of service patients was made. Who conducted this inquiry? The Board of Control! The people who were accused conducted the inquiry! A legal and medical member of the Board visited the asylum. They had with them one other doctor, but they were, you see, in a permanent majority. I do not know what standard of honour it is that permits those who are accused to constitute themselves the judges. And this is the way in which they performed what they conceived to be their duty. They went to the asylum against which the most serious complaints were made, and found there 268 ex-Service men. They spent two days there, and they tell us that they interviewed each patient and inquired into his mental state and bodily condition. I do not know how many hours a day they worked, but I am going to suppose they worked ten hours a day, which is a pretty long day's work. If they worked ten hours a day, they had about four and a half minutes in which to inquire into the mental state and bodily condition of each of those soldiers. That is their own

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account of their own procedure. I will not assume that they worked more than ten hours a day, because if anyone spent ten hours seeing the mentally deranged at the rate of four and a half minutes each they certainly would not be fit to do any more at the end of it. I suggest to you that such an inquiry is a farce. The patients mostly did not make any complaints at all we are told. No, I suppose they did not. When you are completely in the hands of those against whom you have to make your complaint, and you see the people who are themselves ultimately responsible for the system under which you have suffered for just four and a half minutes—knowing what may be the consequence to yourself if you do complain—you probably do not “make any complaints at all.” But I suggest that to imagine that you can probe into the mind of an insane person, and know anything whatever about his sufferings in four and a half minutes is farcical. And when the inquiry is conducted by those who are responsible for the system criticised it becomes ridiculous in the eyes of all who know what a serious inquiry it is. The inquiry did not satisfy public opinion, and the agitation went on. Now we are promised—indeed, it is already taking place—a further inquiry. By who is this inquiry being conducted? By

three people—I will not give their names, for it does not matter who they are personally—but this is their official position: a past and acting asylum Medical Superintendent and the Chairman of the Asylum and Mental Hospitals Committee of the London County Council. In other words, once more those who are responsible for the system are those who are conducting the inquiry into it. Those people who have complained, Dr. Lomax and others who have given evidence, some of the actual sufferers, and some of the attendants, have not appeared before this Commission. For what purpose should they appear? To what purpose would they give their evidence? The inquiry is a mockery. Those must conduct the inquiry who are disinterested in the result, and no other inquiry will satisfy public opinion, now at last awakened to the awful possibilities of suffering to the mentally deranged. I repeat, nothing has created a deeper suspicion that these terrible accusations are at least in some degree true, than the nature of the inquiry that has been set up in response to them. We ask, then, for an impartial inquiry, and when we have got it, what are we to do?

Let us confront this problem of reform in a spirit of courage and hope; for, believe me, it is largely our fault if asylums are cheaply

run, and doctors and attendants ill-treated and ill-paid. It is because we ourselves are too easily content that those of whom perhaps we are afraid should be shut up and kept away from us. We should be careful that, whatever reform is won, it is one which shall protect the helpless; and no one's feelings should be considered in comparison with that. Reform should be filled with the spirit of hope. It should demand that the criterion of our treatment of the insane shall be the rate of their cure and their return to freedom.

There are some noble hospitals in this country. There are magnificent asylums, both in America and in Germany, strangely enough, the richest and poorest countries. Already science can teach us something about the degree of liberty that can be allowed, the influence of hope on the sufferers, the possibility of training and educating even those who seem perhaps beyond our training and beyond our care. Why should we trouble to do it? I will tell you. Because those who are mentally unsound are suffering there where suffering is most appalling. We in the West perhaps respect the intellect too much. I do not know. But at least it is a great and divine gift. It is what makes us human. It is not in our bodies that we excel the other animals: there are animals swifter and

more powerful than we. It is the mind that makes us sovereign, the reason that makes us kings, that gives Man "dominion over the fishes of the sea and the fowls of the air, and over cattle, and over all the earth." It is that that makes him human, and to abdicate this throne is to be poor indeed.

"My mind to me a kingdom is——"

That line is enough for immortality! How many people know the name of the man who wrote it? How many people know anything else he ever wrote? He was not a great poet, but that one line remains for it enshrines an immortal truth. "My mind to me, a kingdom is." It is that "which makes a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven." "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god!"—Which of you that thrills to such great phrases will not henceforward think of those whom I have shown you in an asylum, filthy, bestial, blasphemous, outcast, with an almost intolerable pity as for those "so great and so forlorn"? To cure these of their mortal malady is the greatest service that anyone can render. Let us take courage and

follow our Lord. Perhaps there may be people here to-night who may respond to the appeal of that tragic helplessness, and seek to do something to ameliorate their lot. It may be that in serving and loving them enough to seek to help them, we shall learn something about that kingdom—still, after all, unmapped, uncharted—the kingdom of the human mind. We may learn much : so swiftly comes the recompense of love—of love which seeks no recompense.

And even those now beyond our aid, those who are not in the ordinary sense deranged, but degenerate, bestial, depraved, or suffering from some actual lesion of the brain ; those whom to-day we call incurable ; is it not conceivable that in the march of the human intellect the time will come when people will look back and wonder that we were so helpless, and will tell each other, even of these most pitiful cases, that it was our indifference that made us ignorant ; that we did not learn because we did not care ? It may be that we do not know because we have not sought to know ; it may be that the compassion which to-day is urging us on at least to alleviate the misery of these, if we cannot heal them, will teach us at last even to heal. For consider how unhappy are these. The mad are not happy, except in very rare cases.

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There are some, perhaps, who live in a more or less happy dream, but not many. To the majority the dream has in it some uneasiness, some consciousness of being out of tune with the world, some sense of dislocation. The insane are not happy. Do the best we can for them, short of healing, we cannot make them happy. They walk in a vain shadow, and disquiet themselves in vain: and even sleep, which brings relief to the most wretched, is to them often only a troubled reflection of their more troubled waking dreams. To serve these, and to help them would surely be like the love of God, Who looks upon the world and seeks to help it. To the awful purity of God our savage, blood-stained, squalid humanity, must seem almost past helping, must it not? Yet not the less, indeed the more, the love of God seeks to redeem and save. "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another."

